

Loveday's, Robert  
LETTERS,

Domestick and Foreign,

To several

P E R S O N S,

Occasionally distributed in

S U B J E C T S

*Philosophical, Historical, and Moral.*

---

By R. Loveday, Gent. the late Translator of  
the three first Parts of *Cleopatra*.

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The Sixth Impression.

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*Optimæ sunt Literæ quæ in lucem prodeunt, pro-  
sunt, & penetrant. Cassan.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Obadiah Blagrove, at the Sign of  
the Bear in St. Paul's Church Yard, near the  
Little North Door, 1677.

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## To My Friend Mr. A.L.

Sir,

**I** Received yours, desiring my advice for the publishing of your Brothers Letters. Truly, Sir, I should be very ungrateful to him, unkind to my self, and injurious to others, if I should dissuade you from offering those to the publick, which in the communication may be pleasurable to all. Many of them being written to my self, and the rest (as I suppose) to his Correspondents, 'tis possible that in some of them the freedom of his Pen, and Interest with the person to whom he writ, might in some places make his expressions not so compact, or so clear as the Critical Peruser expects. But doubtless he knew what he writ, at the time when he writ, but was not obliged to circumscribe his Fancy, either to his own continuing, or the Readers transitory understanding: yet meeting with one endued with a reasonable kindness and temper, he will find nothing but what may be interpreted without any Interpreters. I remember there were some passages in some of them concerning the Transactions of that Age wherein he writ: subjects too subtile for a private Pen, I wish them rather expung'd than expos'd; for (besides the

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danger of treading upon the heels of Truth) there is so great a connection between the secrets and acts of State, that we (as private persons) cannot, ought not, to censure one, unless we knew the other. There are so many necessary mists cast before our eyes, so many umbrages before the light, that it were more safe for us to draw our Curtains, and take a nap, than to search about (as *Diogenes* with his Lanthorn and Candle) to find out Truth.

We are so partial in our Interests and self-concernments, either of Mind, or Body, or both, that mostly we account those things neither good, rational, nor commodious, which do not concur in all circumstances with our entire judgment, or individual advantage.

I wish I had leisure to peruse the whole Packet, before you sent them to the publick; but in earnest, Sir, I cannot spare so much time from my Intrustments. It is my desire therefore that you will advise with such friends as have an affection to his repute; and if they be of my acquaintance, tell them (as an encouragement to their expence of time) my opinion is (so far as I retain the memory of them, and I believe the rest are suitable) that they are very choice descants, Theological, Ethical, Facetious, and solid. The volatile part shewing the art of the Chymist, as the fixt matter; there is something to please all Tempers, masculine and feminine, martial and civil,

civil, curial and rural, satyrick and amorous ; and I doubt not but if he had lived the completing of his Translation of *Cleopatra* or *Loves Master-piece*, I know not whether he would have done greater right to *France* or *England*, by making *French English*, or *English French*, : the accomplishments of his Pen therein were so clear and genuine, as if his private had consulted with the publick Genius of both Nations ; however I dare say, by accustoming his Pen to these, and things of an higher nature, he would have proved an English *Balzack*.

I confess I wish we were restated in our primitive Innocency, when all our actions were naked, and yet none ashamed ; and when our thoughts were imparted either by an universal character, or the harmless Hieroglyphick of a Dove or Lamb : but now how are we involved in the perplexities of our scribbling ! so that well may the word *Litera* be etymologiz'd *Litis era*, the Epoche or beginning of all contentions. We began modestly with the bark and rind of Trees, till the following Ages having thus destroyed their shady Groves, tore the skins from harmless sheep, that their impure *Volumes* might be countenanced by those innocent *Velumes* ; and not contented to deprive those creatures of their intire Sepultures, they have perverted their bodies to gluttony, and their skins to Impostures, and the latter age hath even rob'd the Poor of

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their Rags, torturing them with Mills and other Engines, till in paper they are made Legatives to most of our humane affairs; and no sooner are they fitted with the colour of Innocency, White, but compounds of Poysons, Vitriol, Gall, & Vinegar (Emblems of Commotion) do again dye them with the sad and sable Tincture, which occasions so much disorder, and unquiet to the World.

And now at last we seem distracted with the number and weight of devices, so that an *Index Expurgatorius* hath been practised by the learned, and more fiercely executed (without distinction) by the inrodes of the ignorant.

Yet *Seneca's* and *Cicero's* Epistles have escaped, may *Loveday's* have the same success and estimate; and then after-Ages will not blame me for encouraging you to their exposure, especially if they please to read and imitate his leisu-  
rable employment,

I shall only add this (being diverted by some other approaches) that I well knew your Brother valiant, faithful and discreetly industrious in all the concerns of Body and Mind. I was his Friend, and am

May 14. 1657.

Yours, J. PETTUS.

To



TO HIS  
HONoured COUSINS,  
Mr. *William Crow* of *London*, and  
Mr. *Antho. Loveday* of *Cheston*.

Honoured Cousins,

**Y**OU being the Top-branches of  
those Families from whence  
the deceased Author of these Epistles  
had his descent, and thereby having a  
genuine propriety in them, it were un-  
natural by way of Dedication, to put  
them under the umbrage and protecti-  
on of any other. He had many Testi-  
monies of your affection whilst living,  
and I know you retain his memory not  
unsuitably: they therefore incounter  
the



*the Eye of the ingenuous Reader, under the Patronage and conduct of your names. Accept the tender of them as a pledge of my real affection; and if ever Providence smile me into a capacity of dressing my power in a more becoming attire, I shall be ready to approve my self,*

Cousin,

Your most humble Servant.

Nephew,

Your real affectionate Uncle,

ANTHO. LOVEDAT.

To



TO THE  
READER.

Courteous Reader,

**T**Hese Epistles are rallied into a body, and exposed to a publick view: in the divulging whereof, neither could the instancy of the Authors Friends, though their estimate had an high influence over me; nor a reliance on my own opinion, fearing lest it might appear too partial through my near relation to the Author, act so strongly on me, as to acquiesce to the importunity of their desires, so tender was I of his honour in edition of his labours, till such time, as by the perusal of persons of unquestioned judgement they were return'd to my hand highly approved. And of these, no inducement more impressiv, nor efficaciously perswasiv, than the encouragement of a person, whose judicious Pen has sufficiently discovered his abilities to the World: by expressing him without any other additional delineature, the master of a rich Fancy: being generally known to be not only



## To the Reader.

only an Approved Professor, but a constant Advancer of all humane and divine Learning: singularly vers'd in both: and whose affectionate intimacy to this Authour, as it highly obliged him in his life; so have his judicious Lines conduced no less to the perpetuating of his Memory after his death. This may appear in the very first Letter, which this Person of Honour was pleased to address to me; wherein he has returned with a modest Candour the Opinion he retained touching this ingenious Authour, whose blameless repute, and fair deportment in the whole progress of his life, management of his affections, and current of his actions, superseded all censure.

The Authour indeed had a resolution, if God had lent him life, and enlarged his hours in a parallel line to the apparent progression of his rising hopes, to have seen these, as they were by him occasionally composed, so methodically disposed and compleated; and to bestow a meriting addition on his Pen, in such manner polished and refined, as they might have clearly discovered the precious quality of that Mine, and purity of his Mind from whence they derived their extraction. As for his Pen, give me leave to return that opinion of it, which all men, who with recollected thoughts have seriously read him, ingenuously retain'd of it; his Style was such as it knew how to present State with-

## To the Reader.

without Affectation, render a modest Censure without bitterness, and close the period of his Discourse with incomparable sweetness. Neither were his Parts only deserving, his Education and Descent held an Equipage to those Native Imbellishments. To the surviving reputation whereof, I shall give you this account; He was well descended, his Education was in the University of Cambridge, where in his greenest years he did not shake off the yoke of discipline, and devote himself to the soft Blandishments of Sensuality, but was sedulous to his study, and 'tis like had achiev'd some suitable preferment, had not Martial times occur'd, no friend to Science, and disturbed his studies; This made him run the same fortune with others who liv'd to study, were drivento study to live; for as that pure Italian-Wit Petrarch sometimes said, Mars his Armory, and Minerva's Meynie, run so much upon Divisions, as they seldome close in a graceful harmony. And thus his determinations were forced to a halt, but his active soul mov'd in the Sphere of Vertue, and in those cloudy days was pregnant in something that still witnessed that Vertue was his Mistress; and many ingenious Pieces fell from his Pen, which hereafter may see the World, and deserve thy perusal (if clear Fancies may suit with the constitution of cloudy times.) He had acquir'd to himself the Italian and French Languages; out  
of

To the Reader.

*of the last, his Version of Cleopatra, which he  
call'd Hymen's Prælude, the first three Parts are  
extant, and gain'd applause; how his Letters  
will arride thy liking, I know not, do as thou  
shalt find them. So I take my leave, Farewel.*

A. L.

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Upon

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Upon Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY'S  
*Effigies.*

**L** OVEDAY, thy Feature here by *FATHORN* drawn,  
Though it displays his Master-piece of Art,  
It cannot represent the smallest grain  
Of those *clear rays* of thy diviner part,  
The Royal Fancies of thy Loyal heart;  
For those transcend the pencil, and must be  
No *Objects* of the Eye, but *Memory*.

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*Upon the Emblem.*

**T** He widowed *Turtle* leaves the flowry Grove  
To solemnize the Obits of his Love:  
*Love day* he may; but in a secret Cave  
He spends each minute on his Spouses Grave;  
And when the Sun his glorious Course has run,  
He adds this Note, O must *Love* lye alone?  
Since *Turtle* tears such *Obsequies* do make,  
We should be *Niobes* all for thy Love-sake.  
For Fame avers, ne'r any dy'd so young  
In love more richly stor'd, in hopes more strong.

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*The Emblem explain'd.*

**L** ook on the radiant Splendour of that Sun,  
Look on that *Turtle* in her *Ebon Cave*;  
Whose amorous thred of life wor'n up and spun,  
Look how her Spouse bedews his widow'd Grave:  
And in these *Models* you his Emblem have.  
The *Turtle* of his Body's gone to *Earth*,  
The *Turtle* of his Soul to her first Birth.  
Nor must these two divided long remain,  
"Eternity shall cement them again:  
Where these two *turtles* with Angelick wings  
Shall live and love, and laud the King of Kings."

*Upon*

*Upon the death of his ingenious and much bemoaned  
Friend, Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY.*

**C**ould pregnant Fancy, Goodness, or prompt Pen,  
Have here procur'd thee residence with men,  
Thou hadst enjoy'd it: but Time held it fit  
With Immortality to perfect it.

"The Law of Nature must give way to Grace,

"And Grace to Glory, shown thee face to face.

If this advantage over-stripe not th' rest,

I shall appeal to those who lov'd thee best:

But Heaven and Earth are of a different Clime,

So must we hold Eternity and Time.

He who has God, has all: he cannot want,

Though pilgrim here, there an Inhabitant.

Such is thy glorious state being rankt with those,

Whom though we lose, they gain by what we lose.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori, Cælo beat.--- Hor.*

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**L**OVEDAY thy Name did to the World display,  
That all thy \* Day was Love, thy Love all Day.  
Both which so jointly in their Centre meet,  
As they have made Eternity their seat.

Never did downy Chin more sage produce,

Nor in his Youth nurse a maturer Muse.

None more entirely dear unto his own,

Nor higher fam'd where he was lesser known;

Whereof his Cleopatra witness gives.

In which though dead his rare Translation lives.

\* *Tota dies opus extat amans! mirabitur ætas*

*Si mento juvenis, mens foret ista senis. Afran.*

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**N**Or shall you find in these *Persuasive* less  
Than what his rich *Romances* did express;  
In his perusal he approves them such,  
Whose Brain can judge, or he has read too much!

LOVE.

LOVEDAY'S  
LETTERS

LETTER I.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

**I**F I sin in troubling you with fruitless lines, call it rather the weakness of my judgement than the error of my love, which is in too perfect health to lie speechless. The thanks I owe you, I confess, are disparaged by my feeble expressions; but could you read their more secret character, you shall find them drest in more becoming attire. To tell you, my best wishes are Pages to your happy success (I hope) were to Tautologize, to your knowledge, at least belief; & though it be no Forlorn Hope, it shall march in the Front of my Prayers. For your disposal of me, though I totally relinquish my self to your discreet commands, yet my humble and earnest desires rather aim at the service of Sir T. B. than the greater man; however

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I will



I will call my self your Creature, and resolve to be of that shape you will fashion me: In the mean time I shall importune Heaven to furnish me with so happy a power as may render me in some acceptable service, Sir, not only your faithful, but

*Your grateful Servant, R. L.*

## LETTER II.

*To Sir I. P.*

*Sir,*

**I**F the importunity of your affairs will consent to a digression, look upon the tender of his true service that was always yours: If my Heart thought my Pen fit to be trusted with those Wishes that concern you, I should be more ample; but it needs not, For I am confident you can read them at this distance. To put you in mind of my desires were not to deserve their effects, since I believe the intermitted Truce you take with greater employments, is nobly spent in a courteous parley with your friends; more petty occasions would trouble you, I will therefore bind up my true service in these few lines, and rest

*Yours R. L.*

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LETTER III.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother.*

I Had not failed you last Week, if a sudden command from those whose breath can blow me any way, had not arrested my pen, and imposed a less pleasing imployment; for there is no delight I can spare with more regret, than these occasions of sending you my naked thoughts; for Interest is now adored with such specious Idolatry, that it renders even common converse dangerous: So the honest Soul that courts good company, must find it in his own thoughts; to the stock of which your amity contributes no petty sum: and when the vacancy of imployment releases me to these harmless recreations, I endeavour to drop those heavy moulded cares, that smell of earth, and fall a pruning the wings of some lively thoughts, that play like nimble flies in the serenity of an unclouded mind; and amidst the variety of those tasks I impose upon them, the principal are dispatcht to invite Content to come and dwell in the Valley of my humble Fortunes, and sport it self upon those banks that are happily purp'ed with their own Violets. Protected thus with a little: methinks I am proud that I have not enough to set the Cove-

rous a desiring, nor the Ambitious a scrambling. Sometimes I strive to build Reason as high a Tribunal as my thoughts can rear, at the Bar of which I labour to accuse my own miscarriages; and had I power to reform, as well as censure them, what could affront my felicity? Sometimes I revise my readings in men, and fall a setting the best Slips my Observation can cull from others Gardens; but, I confess, few of them grow. Sometimes I prick at the footsteps that books have lately left in my memory; which I find a very weak Conservatory, and keeps my best observations but as people use to keep choice Possies, fresh for a day or two, and then let them fade and die. Then perhaps I roll my thoughts upon Eternity, and that helps me to deride the folly of those blind Wretches that so hotly scramble for sublunary trifles; but withal, pity their miserable mistake that run away from the true blessings while they pursue the false ones. 'Tis sport to consider how Fortune (or rather providence) builds up these creatures (like Scaffolds for a show) with an intent to pull them down again. Sometimes I am so weak as to let my Fancy ramble after Poetick raptures; but in these I only suffer her to air her wings, and so come home again. With these agreeable diversions I often send my thoughts a gadding, chiefly to deceive Melancholy which of late has been much incroaching; for my capital trouble increases,

creates, and has got a giddiness to assist it. I have not yet taken the Physick; and now resolve to defer it till I arrive in the Countrey, which will be about a fortnight hence. If these afflictions can set me the right way to Heaven, especially as it is now perplexed with so many oblique, devious paths of Errour and Heresie, I shall hug them heartily. I should excuse this unravelling my Contemplations in such a ruffled manner, but I use curiosity to those that have a less share of my affections than your self, &c.

*Your entirely affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

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LETTER IV.

*To Mr. W.*

*My dearest Friend,*

**T**His happy night I received your last Letter, which how I took, I wish some good thing above man would tell you, for I cannot. Only this, the delights and joys which are dandled by the World were base and droffie to what that brought me, which is only less pure than those that make the Angels clap their wings. It has given me a happy, but a hard task. 'Tis to let an Ocean through a Quill, for 'tis the same difficulty for my pen to express what my

heart

heart means you. Methinks I would fain say something to you that is not ordinary; but I can find no words that I do not suspect too faint to fit my affection: only this, I do not love you the common way, nor with such a kindness as doth usually blaze with a fresh resentment of a benefit, and learn to cool and dye again, unless it be renewed with the same repeated fuel: but I have an affection for you that is of the same piece with my soul, as immortal and undecaying as it self, and will go along with it to the other world, and need not be ashamed even there to own its object. The busie waves that roll betwixt us cannot keep me from you; for 'tis with you I spend my gladdest hours. When I set my thoughts to cast up the account of my large possessions in you, I deride the poor rich ones of this Age, and say, sure if they knew the right way, they would leave the pursuit of their glorious follies, & learn to get a virtuous friend. But pardon my transport. Present me cordially to your excellent friend and intreat him to write me in the number of his faithful servants, for I cannot be less to him, that is so to you: tell him I will allow him the better room in your breast, so he not grudge me a harbour there; to be expelled which, would gall my heart-strings. No perplexities assault it but what you help to beat off; no vexations pierce it, to which a reflection upon my interest in you does not prove

prove a *Dictamnum*, and ejects those arrows. Be sure then you be precious to your self, and regard your health, that you may still be so to those that love you, and then you must be so. But I fear I grow tedious, though I have not spoke half what I would fain say; but the rest shall be referr'd to my next. Well then conceive I embrace you at this distance; for all but my clay does. May you arrive at so happy a condition that you may pity your enemies, and enjoy that serenity of soul that may make you so skilful in virtue; and be assured, that hate but heaven & there is nothing so dear as your self to him that is,

Sir,

*Absolutely yours, R. L.*

LETTER V.

To Mr. R. C.

Dear Robin,

**I**F variety of new acquaintance ( and more deserving ) has not conspir'd with the busie fingers of Time to deface my memory, there will not be much toil in the task to provoke thee to revive our friendly intercourse; to which thou art challeng'd by one whose heart has kept the impress thou left'st upon it as fresh and as able to bid defiance to decay, as



when our contract was first seal'd. Ah *Robin*! whither is fled the beauty of those daies that so oft law us feed our felicity with the mutual caresses of our spotless amity? when the soft whispers of an evening *Zephyrus* summon'd us to those innocent encounters in *Sylvanus* grove, where so oft we unbutton'd our souls, and talk'd our naked thoughts, as if the golden Age had got new birth in our bosoms. Sure Heaven was pleas'd with that lovely undrest visage of our heedless simplicity. Dost remember how the pretty little feathered Minstrels came, and gave us three or four of Natures choicest lessons? and then how we hung together; and how many loth adieus it took to part us, though the next day we were to meet again? How fortune has used thee since our last long Farewel I know not; to me her indifferent behaviour neither swell'd my hopes to an opinion that ever she intends to make me her darling, nor frown'd them to the near neighbourhood of cold despair, &c.

R. L.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To his Nephew, A. L.

Dear Cousin,

I Had long since payed the debt of my promise, I had Fame furnished me with ought but false Coin: she is grown a new fashion'd Jugler, puts tricks upon us with a *deceptio auditus*, various reports here like Canons receive their birth and funeral in the Air, and are often shorter-liv'd: some voic'd like Trumpets spread a shrill preface of war; others, like the soft warbling of the amorous Lute, perfume the Air with the Aromatick tidings of repeated peace: and thus our erroneous souls weakly pay a credulous homage to the alternate dominion of our own hopes and fears. Rumour is a cheating Lottery, from which for one prize of a Truth we draw a thousand blanks of falshood. I could make this Paper look big with the swelling pride of such news as would be musick to your ears, but lest the tune should prove Syrenical, I am loth to deceive you into false joys. That which has most credit with me, except the K. &c.—

Thus I have given you probabilitie befriended, though not defended, by the most prudent opinions I could encounter with. Could I give you the truth strip'd of all partiality, and disguises, she were worth the owning; but her running



ning through so many relations makes her change attire every step, and sometimes lose her self. But in this assertion be assur'd she wears her own face without a mask, that I am, Sir, &c.

## LETTER VII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

I Am now about to change the Scene ; and I fear it will be a long time before I shall date my Letters again from *London*, a place I once esteem'd above all the earth could shew me ; but my liking is almost drown'd in those scarlet streams have lately stain'd it. I may now be said to be retiring from a crowd to an hermitage : for ( though 'tis like I shall mingle with much people ) I shall notwithstanding be alone ; since 'tis not the eye, but the mind and the affections that create society ; like *Tantalus*, that stood up to the mouth in water, yet could not drink. But the Arms of Amity are long enough to reach a true friend at the greatest distance ; for though there be a larger piece of earth getting between our heavier parts, yet those that have the stamp of immortality need confess no other limits than what bound the Universe. Thus  
some-

sometimes my Pen, sometimes my thoughts shall visit you, and fancy an entertainment suitable to the love that carries them. If Nature had not planted a mutual affection in our greenest years, and taught it to swim (like a fish in its proper Element ) in the Crimson sap we borrow'd from the same fruitful stock, I think, I should have bidden fair for your friendship with much industry, and like a slip that fetched his Pedigree from some excellent root, set it with much diligence in my triangular Garden. But no more. As I was revising some scriblings, with an intent to pack each in his proper place before my parting, I lighted on these Rhymes, made about the time I first put on chains, and upon that subject. I had thrown them by with such a neglect as I use when I treat with such trifles; but when I re-met with them they had been so lost to my memory, that they prov'd as new to my self, as they will be to you. I do not send them with a thought they deserve your reading, but only to let you see that when I am weary of better employment, I have not forgot to dally with the Pinks in *Apollo's* Garden. I wish all accidents, events, humours, and dispositions may conspire to make this your meeting pleasant and delightful: If my fancy could carry my earthly part as nimbly as her self, I think, I should help to feather some glad hours among you. But 'tis not wisdom to desire what we cannot

not

not have. You see I have much ado to keep within the bounds of my paper. Farewel dear Brother, and continue to love

Your own, R. L.

**T**O serve! what's that? let me consider; stay,  
 What comes it to, to lease my self away?  
 What right have I resign'd? pray let me see,  
 What is't to let away my libertie?  
 Dull purblind souls, that have so little wit  
 To value nought but when we part with it!  
 'Tis to unown my self, 'tis to disclaim  
 My will, my head, my hands, all that I am  
 To sell my right in Nature, that would have  
 None of her free-born creatures to turn slaves,  
 To bow, to cringe, to stoop, and to be still.  
 Pliant, and supple to anothers will:  
 With cheap tame patience quietly to stand,  
 And watch th' arrival of some proud command,  
 That sets my heels amock, or else my hand.  
 Thus having basely set my self to sale,  
 Time is my keeper, and each place my jail:  
 The slaves of the same trade are at Argiers,  
 Only my chain will further reach than theirs.  
 But hold proud thought, the wretch deserves his  
 That fancies fetters when they are not so; [woe;  
 Shew me the man can boast so free a state,  
 That is not to some power subordinate:

What.

What is he that has uncontrol'd intents?  
Seas have their shores, and Kings their Parliaments:

This harmony that smites does chiefly flow  
From these two fertile words call'd High & Low.  
Were it a sin to serve, did it bewray  
A feeble mind put into mingled clay,  
I'd throw my fetters at my niggard fate,  
And scorn to eat or live at such a rate:  
But there's no slavery but in vice, a soul  
That can but check his passion, can control  
His loose desires, can temper and set right  
The strangling footsteps of his appetite;  
Rather than life with base dishonour save,  
Can make a brave retreat into a grave,  
Is free, although he helps to fill the rank,  
And tugs with tann'd companions at the Bank.

Farewel then sordid Sloth, go barren Ease,  
Morning long sleeps adieu, go try to please  
Voluptuous souls, go dwell upon those eyes  
Can lead kind looks to vertues enemies.  
Hail Learning, parent of desert, to thee  
My new-rouz'd soul repairs: Sweet Industrie,  
Those sweaty drops set on thy ruddy brow,  
Like vertues gems come and receive my vow,  
Ne're to forsake thee more never to be  
Sick of thy Pleasing sprightly companie:  
Thou my best mistress art, and I will be  
When I am most alone yet still with thee.

*Oh dear Companion then, let's make no stay,  
Where reputations Taper leads the way.*

*I'll owe no blush then as a debt to shame,  
Because that I no Independent am.*

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## LETTER VIII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I** Was always loth to suffer breach of word to keep company with the rest of my crimes, if indispensable necessity did not force the guilt. And indeed, we should hate false promises for his sake that first hatch'd them; deceit of this kind intrap'd mans primitive innocence, and made him leave that large Legacy of imperfection to his unhappy heirs. But, to swell this to the usual stature of my tedious Letters, I must imitate those Citizens of the world called younger Brothers, that are oft forc'd to range far from home to enlarge their narrow fortunes And, since I have casually chop'd upon this Simile, I think the relation of this kind may prove less unpleasant, than the word, I should otherwise design to black this Paper. It is the story of the great Cardinal *Mazarini*, that sits now at the stern of the *French* affairs. He is by birth a *Sicilian*, by extraction scarce a Gentleman, his education

education so mean as he might have wrote man before he could write: but being in Nature's debt for a handsom face, a stout heart, and a stirring spirit, he no sooner knew that *Sicily* was not all the World, but his active thoughts were got above his poor condition, and made him resolve to dwell no longer with his domestick penury: and now being come into *Italy*, his good fortune conducted him to the casual encounter of a *Dutch* Knight, to whose service his debonair behaviour soon prefer'd him. This *German* was well skill'd in the vices of his Nation, which he committed with such cunning, as ( though he drank and plaid very deep, yet ) his skill in the one maintain'd his debauch in the other. This was a lesson which the young *Sicilian* deem'd worth his learning; and having curiously observ'd how his Master shak'd his Elbow, began to practise his Art upon his own Companions; in which he thrived so well, as daily improving his skill with his stock, he began to foster forward hopes, which were well befriended by some affairs that called his Master to *Rome*; where taking occasion to step into better company, and still following his faculty at play, it was not long before he had hoarded a thousand Crowns; then good luck (the Dam of Ambition) began to hatch some aspiring thoughts, which first shewed themselves in a request to his Master, thus; Since Providence



dence had lately thought fit to mend his fortunes, he would vouchsafe to do as much to his condition, and to entertain him in the quality of a Gentleman; to deserve which he promised to maintain himself proportionably, without expecting any addition to his allowance. This granted, he presently commences Gallant, and begins to practise such generous qualities as are usually paid with reputation and profit: his good clothes and compleat shape first admitted him, and his pleasant conversation endeared him to the best society, and still his play supported him in it. At length his master takes his leave of *Rome*, and therefore he of his Master; telling him that he could not forsake that place which he hoped was cut out to be the forge of his fortunes; and being now grown intimate with some Gentlemen that attended the Cardinal who steer'd the helm of the papal interest, he found means to be made known unto him, and proffered his service, with a behaviour so handsomly compos'd, as at the same time it got him both admission and affection. The Cardinal after some trial of his temper and perusal of his disposition, was well pleas'd with the discovery of a piercing wit, woven with a clear judgment and an active Genius, with a capacity apt to receive such impressions as are not usually stamp'd in every brain; he was always very careful to fill up those intervals which his business and play had



had left vacant, with study of State affairs; in which he prospered with so much felicity, that after his Cardinal had worn him a year or two at his ear, and distilled his State-Maxims into his fertile Soul, he thought fit to breath the Theory he had given him in some action that might let the World take notice of his pregnant abilities: he was therefore sent Coadjutour to a Nuntio who was then dispatched to one of the Princes in *Italy*, and during that imployment he enjoyned his Creature to give him a Weekly account of their transactions; which he did with so much vivacity of apprehension and gravity of judgment, that the Cardinal began to couple admiration with affection; and (as if Fate had combined with Nature and Fortune to advance him) the Nuntio's sudden death lets fall the whole weight of the business upon his shoulders, which he supported with such a strength of soul, managed with dexterous solidity, and accounted for all to his Cardinal with such a winning industry, as he wrought it with his Holiness to declare him Nuntio. And now as his preferment had made him more conspicuous, so his brave heart used the advantage of that new height to distribute longer rayes with a more lively lustre. But to contract the Story; his Commission expired, and the affairs that begot it happily concluded, he returns to *Rome*; where he receives (besides a general grand repute) the

C

dear

dear careffes of his Cardinal, and the plaufive benedictions of *S. Peters* Succellour. About this time the Cardinal *Richelieu* had gotten fo much glory by making his Mafter *Lewis XIII.* of a weak man a mighty Prince, as he grew formidable to all Chriftendom, and contracted fufpicion and envy from *Rome* it felf: this made the ftanding Conclave to refolve upon the difpatch of fome able instrument, to countermine his dangerous, and give a check to the carreer of his prodigious fuccelles. This refolved, they generally concurr'd in the choice of *Mazarini*, as the fitteft head-piece to give their fears death in the others deftruction. To fit him for this great imployment, the Pope gives him a Cardinals Hat, and fends him into *France* with a large Legantine Commiffion; where being arrived, and (like his politick felf) firft complying with that grand Fox, the better to get a Clue to his Labyrinth, began to fcrew himfelf into Intelligence, but when he came to found his plots, and perceive he could find no bottom, he began to look from the top of his enterprife as people do from Precipices, with a frighted eye; and now finding the design not only not feafible, but very dangerous, (the other never ufing to take a lefs vengeance than ruine for fuch darings) and then confidering that his retreat to *Rome* would neither be honourable nor fafe, without attempting fomething: he at laft refolves

resolves to declare himself *Richelieu's* Creature and (to win the more confidence) unrips the bosom of all *Romes* designs against him. This made the other take him to his breast, acquainted him with the secret contrivance of all his *Dedalian* policies, and when he left the World declared him his Successor; and he is now the great Cardinal that umpires (almost all Christendom) and now shines in the Gallique Court with so proud a pomp. But I have made my story too wordish; if time would have consented, I think, I should have pared much away of that which you will find superfluous: but take this rude hasty draught for the present, and expect the next to be better polished by

*Your really affectionate Brother*  
*to command, R. L.*

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## LETTER IX.

*To Mr. K.*

*Sir,*

**A**fter the wearing out of a tedious year in the dull Countrey, where I met with nothing that had delight enough to charm the account of my hours, I am gotten again into the precinct of this unwieldy City; which I find so emptied of all those I call my friends and acquaintance, as if I had slept with *Endymion*, &  
waked

waked again in another Age; among the best of which methinks I do not sufficiently resent the miss of you, unless I tell you so. For you shall do me but right to believe that it is not in the power of the new faces, fresh acquaintance, long absence, with the rest of those ingredients whereof others have composed Oblivion, to raze out those friends from my remembrance, that not a rash, blind, imprudent choice, but a rational election hath fastened to it. Of you I have had an experience that made me desirous to get my self the title of your friend, and it must not be the crime of my will, if I do not keep it: and I am the more eager to assert it, because I am confident it has a mutual relation betwixt us. I pray let a line or two from you shew that you confess my claim is just, and inform how the Pulse of your body affairs beat in these ill-tempered times. Let it tell me too what you know of honest *W. A.* when you heard from him, how he thrives in his Merchantile affairs, and by what means I may send him a line. For my self, I still like a Mill-horse repeat my steps in the same Circle; and I am contented with a mean shelter in this stormy Age, for I left aiming at preferment ever since it was put out of Honesties reach; and as I cannot take that upon base terms, so I must not give up my resolution of living to my friends, and therefore of being perfectly

Yours R. L.

L E T T E R

LETTER X.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I**F Imployment from them (to whom my thin Fortunes have made obedience a debt) had not countermanded my intents, my Pen had not held its peace last week, nor I been forced to set an excuse on the forehead of this. Your pleasing relish of my last, minds me of such palates as prefer some course dish they love well, before exquisite Dainties; thus has affection taught your opinion (like the Philosophers Stone) to turn my viler metal into Gold. But enough of this, lest Modesty should appear Design, and I seem of that number that would improve their praises by rejecting them, and (like cunning Merchants) send their goods away that they may return with increase. Indeed I should belie my disposition, and wrong my desires, if I confest not that they are levelled at the good opinion of all; but most my affection, if I should not say it chiefly aimed at yours. For from the object at which Love shoots most ardour, a reflection of the same Rays, is most passionately desired; but though I can let these into my soul with much delight, yet the inward resentment of my feeble deserts must not suffer them



to kindle the tickling vanity of self-love. Reputation is the Mother of all beautiful actions; it is the Taper that leads the way to all that is called Desert; where that is misprised, Vertue is benumm'd, and reason it self falls asleep: but it is not lawfully gained by such merits as make a noise on purpose to be heard; they bid fairest for it that manage a bashful skill, and (as I have seen you cut faces on a Cherry-stone) shew much artifice in a narrow Continent, that will not brag of a great appearance. The Commodities you exchange for my trifles, have a better estimation here than with you; for I must tell you my heart thrives by this pleasing traffick, and grows rich with true delight. I am now taking the Physick the Doctor sent me (for our journey is still delayed;) of the operation I shall put my account in the next. My malady still continues, a cruel foe to my Fortunes, and in spite of all rational opposition does too often gall me with vexations, and reproves Content when it grows too forward: by this you may conclude how I would value the man whose skill could ease my mind of so heavy a manacle. If you see the Doctor before your next, I pray let him know that the neezing-powder I take constantly, but have much adoe to perswade it to make me neeze once at a time. If I see his means fail, I am resolved to try anothers judgement; but that to you only.



ly. I have no more time left than what will permit me to tell you that I am and ever will be

*Yours in the purest and most unresew'd affection to command, R. L.*

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LETTER XI.

*To Mr. H.*

*Sir,*

Suffer these few words, without a blot of Complement, to mind you of those Hospitable Courtesies you conferr'd on one, whose chief glory is that he hates ingratitude; for which take my true thanks in the same simple habit that my heart has dress'd them in, and be confident you have purchased a heart that will resign the resentment of my happiness in such a friend to no other power than what at last will deprive it of all resentment. This will be made good to you, when you shall examine a riper experience of me; in the mean time peruse this inclos'd, and satisfy these friendly longings that spoke you skilful in goodness, that set so just a value on so virtuous a man. I am assur'd if he had remembred the likelihood of my happiness to enjoy your converse, your name had been set there fastened to a kind remembrance; however I know you will assist my

gladness in applauding his health; from whom what I shall receive in the future I shall communicate to you, though I hide it from all the world beside: whether to keep it till I come, or seal it up, and send it back by this bearer, is left to your choice. Present my hearty service to sweet Mrs. H. and promise your self, that though you have many more deserving, you have not a more cordial friend than

R. L.

## LETTER XII.

*To his Brother, A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**T**Hat we both entered the Worlds Theatre from the same Door, is not enough to prove us friends; too many (like *Cadmus* backward brood) not scrupling to crack the chain of Nature, this Iron age hath shown us: but it is the kindred of our unbegotten souls is called friendship, when their effluxive beams (by the sweet constraint of assimilation) meet, embrace, and weave themselves (like *Ariadne's* Crown) into a Constellation. Such a mutual contexture betwixt us has pull'd the knot of Nature straiter, and render'd the Union incapable of dissolution or mutation; which is

as great an Heresie in amity as that lately broacht of the souls mortality, since love strikes the greatest stroke in intellectual faculties. But (as you say) that jewel should not be beholden to words for its estimation, 'tis best then to keep it in the Cabinets of our souls, till we can set it in our actions: Nearness of consanguinity is not justly coercive to friendship. When I am with my Lord (which I hope I shall be very shortly) I shall perfect you a more full account of my own affairs than I am now able: in the mean you may confidently believe that I am

*Your entirely affectionate Brother to command till death, R. L.*

*There is good news stirring, but you must content your self with the generality, till particularizing grow less dangerous.*

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LETTER XIII.

*To his Unkle Mr. W. L.*

*Sir,*

**I** Est I should run the hazard of being lost to your thoughts, be pleas'd to know from this paper that you have still a Nephew who has not forgot what he owes you, nor suffer'd  
new

new objects and interests to untie him from those respects, which besides the near relation of blood, the powerful hand of amity hath fastned: so I have often received from my Brothers pen the account of your happy and healthful condition both in body and mind; and believe it, Sir, you have not a friend hath outgladdened me for your well-being, nor outwish'd me for the continuance. Instead of a better token I have sent you a dull Translation out of the *French* Tongue, I gain'd in those empty spaces of time which were left, by those that command me, at my own disposal: if affection can help you to over-see the blemishes, and teach you to excuse what your judgement should condemn, perhaps it may help you to feather a few tedious hours, when the fish have no appetite. I still repine at my ill fortune, that would not let me enjoy you while I was in the Countrey: For Sir, though I ever chiefly lov'd you for your own sake, yet I blush not to confess that I mingled my interest in what relates to your society, which was ever so fruitful of delight and complacency, as it might excuse the greatest Longer. Well Sir, that nothing may have power to discompose, to storm or cloud the serenity of your days, your quiet contentment; that you may enjoy a constant Spring of happiness in this Winter of your Age, and want nothing, but want itself, shall  
never

never be left out of the prayers and wishes of,  
Dear Uncle,

*Tours &c. R. L*

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LETTER XIV.

*To his Aunt.*

*Dear Aunt,*

**I**T requires so much unworthiness to make me forget your obliging favours, that while the sin looks so ugly I shall always loath it: Though like Tenants that enjoy rich Leases from a masters bounty, the value of my acknowledgement does not exceed their yearly Pepper-corns. Such a trivial payment as that, I have sent you by this bearer, and do humbly deprecate the crime of my sloth, that it kiss'd your hands no sooner. It is the wild fruit of such hours as I set aside to my own delight, and never intended it should be distasted by any other Palate than mine own; but the importunity of some judicious friends revers'd that resolution, & crowded it upon the Theatre of the World, where it is like to act its part so poorly, as I have more reason to fear a hiss than hope a clap. But could you lend your candour to all my Readers, at least the errours would be but smil'd at, and I should have no worse censure than young learners to write may expect;  
who

who at first are not much blam'd though they make their letters crooked. Well, dear Aunt, pardon this, call it what you please, to him that thought it fitter to send you the errors, than keep back the acknowledgment of

*Your most affectionate Nephew, and  
most humble Servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER XV.

*To my Brother, A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**Y**Ours arriv'd at my hands, and was welcome, because it put some doubts to flight that you had farewell'd *Barningham*. I am glad of my High-*Suffolk* friends welfare, and joy'd at their kindness that was so busie with my remembrance; for which I must yet content my self here to give the tacite exchange of an affection as sterling as theirs. My Lords longer residence than I distrust'd at his Father in Laws, hath yet kept us asunder, that house being stuff'd too full already to entertain any more; but he is now upon his departure thence, and I upon the brink of settling with him: when I know my own condition, I must not suffer you to be ignorant of it. I have much cause to thank you for the inclosed lines; and as much  
to



to admire the unconstrained purity of Mr B's vein, that made *Ovid's* tears to run here in so smooth a channel; he is likely to redeem him from the unskilful injuries of other Translators that abused his sorrow with such a blubbered Paraphrase. 'Tis said, Translations (like liquors poured from one vessel into another) lose some of their vital spirits, and are rendered dead and flat to the gust of understanding. I shall not flatter to say, this has confuted the instance, and made *Naso* complain as movingly as handsomly, in *English* as he did in his *Latine* Language. But I ought to beg his pardon for the disparagement of my weak praises, and yours for my tediousness, which, at this time, shall sin no further; and I hope I shall not stand in need of words to perswade you that I am

*Your inviolably affectionate*

*Brother to command, R. L.*

**LETTER**

## LETTER XVI.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.**Loving Brother,*

I Have but a share in my own condition till you have it wholly in account; there being so much of my self resident with you, that the part of it which is here, goes but halves with you in every action of weight or moment. I am now at *Nottingham* perfectly settled with my Lord C. My employment is something too great for an unseasoned servant, and would discourage a new beginner, if I did not supply the defects of my experience with an active pliant resolution. I attend him in his chamber, and usher his Lady, write his Letters, and whatever else that unbecoms not his command or my obedience. My wages are little enough to make present subsistence circumscribe my gains: but I think, I have already a greater allowance of his love than his money; however I shall make the least serve to keep me afloat without the assistance of my own bladders. And now since the careless hand of Fortune has ranged me with strangers that I have not yet begun to read over, I can value it at no lower rate than my best recreation to give you the exact story of my actions and employment by piece-meal, as I tear it from my outworn time; which jewel I have used too long like

like *Æsops* Cock and am resolved to set an higher value on an hour than formerly on a day. Thus having raised the price of my minutes, I begin sharply to censure the slight of your proffered aid in the knowledge of *Simples*, for, I think, I shall bend my studies that way. I have bestowed some of my latter hours on the *French* Tongue, which I have already gained; and fear not to bring my attempts to a sudden perfection, it being familiarly spoken by the best sort of this family. That gained, the *Italian* will be but a short stride for my intended industry, and both will be serviceable (if I meet an occasion) for my intended travel.

Thus you see, this time 'tis even an inconvenience to be beloved by me, since the ardor of that affection makes you liable to the tedious torment of my impertinent Pen: and yet I think if my paper were longer I should not so soon shorten your trouble, & I am so far from mending my fault, that you are like ( notwithstanding my remote removal ) to be still haunted with these frequent vexations. You cannot oblige me more than to be punctual in rescription, which will never fail to bring a welcome delight to

*Your really affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

*To his Brother Mr. W.**Sir,*

**I**T is none of my worst Reasons why I am glad of my return to *London*, that Letters may walk between me and my friends with less hazard; and it is one of my best, that thereby I may contract amity with your deserving self: which if you think fit to give me under your hand, I shall be careful to bid it welcome, and return such a cordial exchange, as may teach us the way to know, before we see one another, & make acquaintance precede interview. Be intreated that your reply may tell me how my Sister does, how her great belly becomes her, and when she is like to increase the number of young sinners. I dare not promise, but if it be possible, I will come time enough to taste of the Gossips Cup, if we do not make too sudden a retreat into the Countrey. You will oblige me, to speak my service to my Cousin *W.* of *Laurenset*, my Cousin *H.* with the rest that know me, Pray tell my Cousin *R.* *aliás* my Sweet-heart, that I am still her servant. And believe it Sir, I can never quit my desires to appear

*Your faithful Servant and Brother**in Law, R. L.*

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. J.*

*Loving Brother,*

**W**Hat you almost called my neglect, I have now repair'd, and (like some over provident Cautionists, who finding their bodies prone to one disease, do sometimes Antidote themselves into a contrary malady) instead of appeasing, if I have not cloy'd your appetite good enough. If I were sure none of mine perished by the way, it were seasonable to return you your own words, and tell you this is the third sent since any received: But Letters are travellers and do often dye in a voyage. I could almost consent to resign my being for a month, that I might be with you but a week, to shew you what kind of Oar it is I tug at; with some other apprehensions that I could be content to ease my mind of. Man is oft beholden to his sufferings for the calling in of such vertues as otherwise perhaps would never be of his acquaintance; and indeed we should not mutiny against those pains that send us a seeking for such excellent remedies. Affliction is like a deep Mine that will afford pure Gold if we dig for it; and calamity (well handled) does polish with rugged usage, and even pinch the soul into perfection. By that time the Spring will have  
D done

done strowing her flowers, I shall be able to tell you whether my hopes of a cure do fade or flourish: but however Providence deals with me, I hope this trivial world hath not charm enough to give me a repining by the hand of despair to enjoy them longer; all my fear is that my errant Condition will not suffer me to sit still long enough to let my Physick settle. I intend to close this Springs-course with opening an Issue in my arm on the contrary side by way of revulsion. Did but my health smile upon my designs, you should soon view my imployment in a fairer Character: Till then my Soul must write with a bad pen upon blotted paper; and you know how ill Tools will shame the Artificer. When I reflect upon my weak hopes of recovery, I am sometimes ready to deride my own endeavours, and oft urg'd to manumit industry, and entertain supinity, till victorious Reason sets the slaves their task again. And indeed Desert is never so much her self as when she shuts her eyes upon the reward, and thinks it recompence enough to be her self. I think we may go safely so far as to call that a mercenary Piety, that is meerly and abstractedly so, because Heaven is got by the bargain. 'Tis true I know Morality has not enough to pay that purchase, but sure (if well applied) it goes a great way in the account. But whither am I wander'd? If my staggering discourse doth not



not well keep the path, conceive that the feet must sometimes tread irregular steps that are directed by an infirm head. If I presum'd less upon you, I would have sent you my thoughts rank'd in a better method. These enclosed you can best direct where they are intended: I pray do my due respects to those you think my friends; and to your self and interest believe it I am as zealously devoted as you can wish

*Your perfectly affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

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## LETTER XIX.

*To his Brother, A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**G**ive me leave to begin my Letter with what I shall never make an end of, so long as I can hold a Pen in my hand, or a Heart in my breast: I mean my thanks for those bewitching proofs of an entire Love, which you lately made me receive with such a beauteous variety both of expression and performance. All I am able to say to it, is, that I am passionately desirous you would apprehend me as I am, and then you would never check your heart for being too lavish of affection. I had no sooner rent

my self from you (for I find it required some violence to re inforce my resolution to part) but I sh<sup>d</sup> like one newly wak'd from a delightful dream, and found himself despoil'd of all the joys which he borrow'd from the flattery of fancy. This made Melancholy my Companion to *London*, in spite of all the facetious rousings of my merry Major. On *Fryday* night we lay at *Woodford*, and reach'd home on *Saturday* morning, where (before I would put my neck into the collar again) we dip'd some choice healths, but especially yours, in the best *Laurentian* Liquor; and so I took my leave of him and Sack. Well, I am now returned again to my Oar, and though I row against Wind and Tide of preferment, yet it pleases me that my employment raises no storms in my Conscience: I pray God I may keep it calm till Heaven thinks fit to set me ashore in the safest Harbour. I cannot want such thoughts as these so long as I carry my remembrancer about me of what I must be, my malady; which I confess I should bear with less anxiety, did I not fear it will knock me o'th' head before I die, (you know my meaning,) and make me survive my self. But God's will be done. If the Doctor has consider'd of any thing he deems fit to commend to my observation, I shall gladly receive it; I shall strive in my next to render him, if it be possible, a more perfect account of his Sons goods. I dare not

not satisfy your desires concerning the grand affairs, nor indeed can I justly; there is so much fallacy in Fame, that Reports are born & stifled the same hour, &c. I was in good hopes we should have gone for *Nottingham*; but I think, the old woman is about a little business that will quite spoil that design, I mean dying. Well my dear Brother, no more but this, you shall be happy in all that your wishes can dictate, if the prayers may prevail of

*Your really affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

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## LETTER XX.

*To Mr. H.*

*Sir,*

I have yours, wherein you have proved your self a double deserver: first, in shewing friendly kindness in doing courtesies, and then a rare modesty in disclaiming their acknowledgment: a disposition seldom known in such an age as this, that can content it self rather to merit thanks than receive them. But you must be less complementary to be believed unskilful in complement; and though my weakness that way make me quit the lists to you, yet I strive to overmatch you as much in right down reality.

This contemptible Town can brag of no commodity, but is chiefly barren of Intelligence, as if Fame thought it not worthy of a report, till it grows stale with the rest of the Kingdom; and so we are served like the lowest rank of mortals, with nought but her fragments, &c.

I have something unwillingly obeyed your commands in enclosing this Epistle, it being the first I ever enterprised in this kind; which makes me advise you to distrust it as well as my self, and not think it a fit forehead for your Book, till a more artificial hand has ill'd up its native wrinkles, and it has past the Correction and test of some sterling judgment: such an one as Mr. W. would reward the pains of an earnest intreaty.

*Yours R. L.*

## LETTER XXI.

*To Doctor B.*

*Dear Doctor,*

**I** Perceive by yours that I have a just quarrel to the Carriers carelesness, who (like an unskilful Archer) shot my Letter beyond the mark, and made it stay his leisure to bring it back again; and indeed the reception you have given it is like the entertainment of a friend, whose

whose long absence has help'd to indear the meeting, and deck the welcom; I am only sorry it had no better Title to what you have given it, which is a Character which I can own with as little justice, as I had either merit or confidence to ask it. But Sir, if these be not only breathings of Ingenuity, and rather sallies of your fancy, than opinion, 'tis fit they should awake my endeavours to be what your friendly apprehension has fashion'd me; which your amity has done not without some disadvantage to your judgement. But though I fall short in every other proportion you ghes me at, in affection, with all the requisites of a true friend, you shall ever find me good measure, &c. Be as happy as I wish my self, and believe me ever, dear Doctor, perfectly and entirely

*Tours R. L.*

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## LETTER XXII.

*To his Brother, A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

O Pportunities have here but slender foretops; I use them therefore here as passengers that wait for a wind, & unfurl their paper-sails, when their gale is most promising: Thus though my affections does not sympathize with

the airs inclemency and pays neither fainting tribute to the frying Dog-star, nor shuddering to the Northern Bear ; yet it is now forc'd to make a leg to Fortune for these occasions, and let fall its words as the Plowman does his seed, not at his own choice, but when the season invites.

My last two letters vext you with the tedious description of my malady ; and this has charge to tell you, that I hope I shall give you no more such penances ; The cure of it being now undertaken by a man in this Countrey, whose fortunate skill has triumph'd over strange Diseases ; which has got him the acclamations of his patients, and the envy of his own tribe. His story is this ; he was born well (being the great Dr. B's Nephew, most of whose receipts he has ;) but bred meanly, first bound Prentice to a Shoemaker in *Nottingham* from whom he ran away most ingeniously, and return'd some years after a profest Physician : how far he fetcht his Art, or whether most beholding for it to books or men, I know not, (and in it himself is resolutely silent ;) but almost miraculous success in the Calling made him quickly known and famous. Presently after, these sad times burst forth, in which it was his fortune to side with the weaker party. There are many (not unhandson) stories told of his behaviour while the sword was unsheath'd ; among the rest this,  
which



which I had from his own mouth: He having command in a Garrison near, did often give some ungentle visits to his Townsmen at *Nottingham*, and was for almost a year (though a Phytitian) their continual Ague; at length in a skirmish near *Derby* it was his fortune to be made Prisoner, and thence was straitly guarded towards *Nottingham*, where they intended to give him no worse reward than a hanging for his former courtesies. By the way he invites his Conductors (being sixteen Troopers) to a Crownsworth of Ale, which he privately seasoned with such a soveraign ingredient, that it suddenly cast them all into a profound sleep, which done he at his pleasure rifles their pockets, and takes from them about 200. *l.* two Case of Pistols, and two of their best Horses, pays the reckoning, leaves them 13. *d. ob.* and returns merrily to his own Garrison. Since the war his fame is grown much louder, and his steps where e'er he goes waited on by multitudes. I cannot hear that he undertakes any in whose cure he fails; he refuses to look on Urines, and only observes the Wrist, then the right hand is gripped, never failing to discover the nature, cause, and seat of the malady, which he undertakes or rejects, as he finds it either feasible or desperate. I am now his Patient; and though I yet can brag of little amendment by what I have taken, yet his confidence bids me hope well: he has let  
me

me blood under the Tongue, and cut a vein in my ear asunder; and I am now taking of Powders, Electuary and Purges. The charge I find will be very great, but I am resolv'd to buy off this plague at any rate, though I pinch for it all my life after.

I lately received a Letter from my dear Mr. W. then at *Antwerp*, which because it gives a hopeful dawning of some transmarine employment, I have sent you the Copy of it, and (to silence other likelihoods) I suppose this Winter will determinate my stay in this Family; but before that time I doubt not to exchange many such as these with you. In the mean time be sure you believe that my heart loves you, for it is truth it self, and it shall clearly appear if ever Providence smiles upon

*Your really affectionate Brother  
to command for ever, R. L.*

*My dear Friend,*

All the good of Heaven and earth attend you; you will easily believe my affection, if you remember my industry, to have enjoyed you, before I left the Kingdom: & truly I call it my great unhappiness that I could not meet an opportunity till now, to tell you I must be yours for ever. Had I known how to have sent, I had done it sooner; but your Letter which directed me to you  
was

was in my Trunk at *London*, and I receiv'd it but a few days since. Well then, take me as much yours as you can desire, and assure your self I study your good next my own, and if God bless me in the World I shall quickly make it evident. In the mean, know I am order'd for *France*, where I have good assurance of some suitable employment: when I come there you shall know it, and somewhat more of me than this hasty messenger will permit at present. Pray therefore write to Mr. K. that he will receive and pay for my Letters that come to you by the *French* Post. I cannot desire to hear from you where I am, because my stay in these parts is uncertain: Though I must tell you truly, I was never better pleas'd with any place in my life, yet you are wanting to make me happy. I am suffer'd to say no more, only what I daily say to my self; Live piously and vertuously, and all that's good must needs betide you: then be to me, as I am, dear friend,

*Your own certainly, R. W.*

#### POSTSCRIPT.

*Brother,*

To another this might argue me of levity to send you things of such cheap moment, and so much unconcerning your self; but there is so little complement in him, and so much

much love in you, that, as I know the one cannot dissemble, so the other cannot but bid that welcome that may suit with his interest that so truly loves: But bating you two, I am reserv'd to all the world aside. I stay my writing to my Sister I. till I can know whether she shall have the place or not. I fear the worst. Farewell.

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## LETTER XXIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

*Sir,*

I Receiv'd and resent'd your kind invitation, for which you will do me but right to fancy me truly thankful. I will take it kindly of my occasions when they will give me leave to obey your summons; and will bring a heart along with me that will only think it self unhappy that it must begin so late to know you. I should injure my parcel of Reason, to give a faint applause to my Sisters choice, since sounder judgments have spoke it happy, and your own hand confirm'd it so. I do not dote upon my own weakness so much as to think my opinion would have quit the cost of asking; only I could have wish'd my presence had enabled me to vote with the rest, though it had been only to shew I am not backward in the approbation of desert.

sert. My request is but reasonable, that you will suffer me to know you better, and even at this distance to improve our acquaintance. 'Tis but an easie task for your Pen, and will engage mine to be responsal. I am afraid you have taken my Character from my Friends to my disadvantage; I know they would speak no ill, and therefore am jealous have done it too well for me to make good. Pray present me most affectionately to your Bed-fellow, and tell her I am glad to hear that her want of health is only like to make work for the Midwife. My service to that Cousin of mine to whose fair report I am so much oblig'd, and to the rest that know me; and for yourself, you may safely believe that I am truly desirous to appear,

Sir, *Really yours both in Love  
and Service, R. L.*

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LETTER XXIV.

*To Mr. C. S.*

*Sir,*

**I**F my expectations of kissing your hands my self had not been deluded, my Pen had rendered you what I know of the Person yours is  
dire-

directed to; of whom all the account I can give you may read in this inclosed Paper; which after you have perused, I intreat you will seal up, and deliver Mr. H. to be sent back in one of his: you will perceive by it that I must receive another before I can obey your commands in directing and dispatching yours, which I expect daily. Sir, I thought it my engagement to kiss your hands with these blots, to undeceive your expectations, lest you should think long for an answer of what cannot yet be sent. I hope you will easily believe me sorry that I can serve you no better, nor sooner in this; and may be confident that I shall be glad of any power that may prove me what I really am,

Sir, *Your most humble and most faithful Servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER XXV.

*To Mr. H.*

**K** Nowing how highly I value your Society, you cannot chuse but think me much displeased with those casual impediments that kept us so long asunder; but repining never made Fortune less peevish: but since you are there, give me leave to husband the incommodity of your  
your



your absence, by entreating such courtesies, as could we change places I should with much alacrity perform for your self. My first request then is, that if you catch any news that may prove a Cordial to our dying hopes, you will not grudge to send it me, as a friendly aid that may help to put some sad thoughts to flight. My next is the prosecution of a former desire, that you would enquire of *M.* or any other Book-seller that is likely to inform you, if there be any new *French* book of an indifferent volume that is worth the Translating, and not enterprised by any other; if there be, let me desire you would send it me down, with *Cotgraves* Dictionary of the last Edition: and for what you disburse, I shall appoint you where you shall receive it at *London* with some quantity besides, which I shall desire you to send me. You may well think me unable for such an undertaking; but my worst success will bestow a treble benefit, because I shall make it serve to beguile Melancholy, check Idleness, and better my knowledge in the language: for the book, I am indifferent whether it be Romance, Essay, Treatise, History, or Divinity, so it be worth the rendering in our Language. You may either send them by *G. F.* who lies at ——— and comes near to *Haughton*, or by *B.* that comes to *Nottingham*, and lyes at the &c. — or by your own *Lincoln-shire* Carrier. Let me beg to hear  
from

from you by your next most pregnant opportunity, and I shall be industrious to let you see you have not sown these favours in a barren soil, by conferring them upon one that will ever be studious to love and serve you,

R. L.

## LETTER XXVI.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Cannot step so far out of the way, as not to find out a path to you ; distance having only power to render me remote to my friend in my circumscriptive part, while the unconfined, without toying with the method of motion, or passing through a succession of places, can be with you in a moment: and indeed we carry that about us that confutes the custom of painting Angels with wings, when we consider how suddenly our thoughts are charioted (without the penetration of a *Medium*) to the furthest parts of the world, by the help of that faculty which doubtless is near a kin to their Angelical natures ; since though a wing be the nimblest instrument of motion, yet it confesses an order of it, which those Divine Intelligences are never

ver

ver task'd to. But why these Metaphysicks in a Letter? will be your secret objection; to which I have not room enough to give any other answer than that I had rather say nothing to purpose than nothing at all. We are now in a Town where most of the people get their bread by their water, I mean the *Bath*; and those that never knew how to govern themselves, are yet Guides to others; of a City 'tis doubtless the prettiest of *England* in a double construction, as it is little, and handsome. I have been something curious to inform my self of its original; but the best account I could get, does afford but poor satisfaction: the soberest have only told me my own conjectures, that the eruption of these hot Springs, which certainly borrow their warmth in their passage through a sulphureous Mineral, was the cause of building this City; but in the conveyance of particulars to posterity, as the time, Founders, with other circumstances, Tradition has been very unfaithful, in suffering the truth to be swallowed by a fable, which goes very currant among the common people, and talks of a King called *Bladud*, that being a great Necromancer (I know not for what reason) caused by the power of his Art these waters to be boil'd under ground into such an immense quantity, as hath served to par-boil all those that have since resorted thither to wash off their Diseases. I have had but little

E time

time to try the virtue of it, being forc'd to wait upon my Lords humour of perusing all the Towns and Houses of remark round about it; yet I have been already in it five times, and found so little vertue in those steepings, as though I have us'd the hot Pump, according to Dr. B's prescriptions for my head, yet I find it has rather done me harm than good, and half discouraged my further tryal. I find my self daily more subject to your Splenitive malady, which since I us'd the Bath has made it self known to me with more than usual vigour: Besides, I think, I have gotten the Stone to boot. If all these produce but the fruits of a Divine Correction, I may think my self happy in my sufferings. In my perusal of the Cathedral here (a structure that is rather handsom than magnificent, and claims as little admiration as contempt) I met with an old Inscription upon the wall, which at first startled me: the words were these,

*The Trees going to chuse their King,  
Said be to us thou Oliver King.*

But upon inquiry I learned from a person that had read the ancient Records, this Inscription was made in honour of one *Oliver King*, Abbot of a Monastery that laid the foundation of this Minster; the *Rebus* is allusive to a passage in *Judges*, where the Trees convented to chuse them a King, and pitch'd first upon the Olive, though

though at last the Bramble carried it. So this pitiful piece of wit was set up as a grateful memorial of that Abbot's piety.

We are going from hence into *Devonshire*, and thence into *Cornwall*, and are like to make it *Michaelmas* before we revisit *London*. But wherever I go, I will never go from my resolution of being, dear Brother,

Your really affectionate Brother  
 to command, R. L.

LETTER XXVII.

*To his Sister F.*

## Concerning Prayer.

*Dear Sister,*

**I** Remember your frequent solicites gained a promise from me to compose you a prayer; for which though the sense of my own insufficiency might justly dig a grave in oblivion, yet I have rather chose to deserve a censure for the bad performance, than the total forfeiture. Prayer is the Golden Chain that tyes Heaven and Earth together; it is the pure Elemental flame whose property is to ascend upwards, with which the soul, like the Phoenix, sets her nest on fire; and even expires in the midst of all those kindled odours; it is a key that opens Heaven gates, and

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locks



locks Hells. It is an Engine, that if rightly planted and level'd, breaks a passage through all earthly opposition to the Throne of mercy. It is the chief weapon us'd in our spiritual warfare; nor do we stand to't so stiffly in any combat with our common enemy, as when humble Devotion and tender Zeal makes us shorter by the whole length of the legs. Thus we ascend by stooping; thus we conquer by submission. 'Tis the best Physick for a sickly soul, and penitent tears a sovereign Diet-drink for a diseas'd Conscience. But you always loved it too well to need an encouragement from my weak description; yet because I know you are not apt to take any advice ill that flows from so true an affection as mine, I will venture to give you these few short observations before you enter upon this duty: Allow your self some time to consider the importance of this weighty affair, and try to fly as high in apprehension of the Divine Wisdom, Power, Majesty, Mercy, &c. as the weak wings of your Contemplation will suffer you; these thoughts will furnish you with such awe and reverence as is requisite in such addresses, and help you to shut out all vain and idle imaginations that especially at those times flock to the disturbance of Devotion. Covet not to stay long upon the duty till devotion faints, and your fervour cools: I am confident 'tis a more heinous sin than the mistaken World



world is aware of, to bring a cold careless heart to these duties; and as I must condemn those that dare approach the divinity with such confused stuff as their proud ignorance huddles up in extemporal haste, so I do not commend them that only tie their tongues to one prayer, and think that no words can find the way to Heaven but those they got by heart in their childhood. Variety is the Mother of delight: and why the soul may not fancy a blessed pleasure in often appearing to her God in the change of devout raiment, I know not: Customary use changes even the most troublesome employment into delight. Oh could we bring Divine affairs to that happy habit, how much of Heaven should we taste even on Earth!

*R. L.*

## LETTER XXVIII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.**Dear Brother,*

**W**Hen my thoughts tell me that success does not always suit with a rational expectation, and future events often falsifie the promises of a present appearance, I am forc'd to feed such uncertainties (in reference to your

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malady)

malady) as usually flow from the doubtful combat betwixt Hope and Fear, wherein Love discharges both the active and passive part. From this you may judge how glad I would be that the news of your perfect recovery would make peace between them; which pray, as you value my quiet, keep no longer from my knowledge. There is a tenderness that waits upon unvarnish'd amity, which perhaps of some Stoical souls will get no other Title than imperfection: and yet methinks here we cannot love well without it: for though it be not a part, at least it is a fruit of friendship, and as requisite as softness and delicacy in a Feminine Composure; For if I must go with my friend half in all his joys and griefs, I cannot give better proof that I have my stake in the latter, than by such an Evidence. Give me leave then to tell you, that at present you cannot do me a greater Courtesie, (if health hath impowred you) than to cure me of those troubles that are the off-spring of yours. When I found my Lords danger so hopefully over-blown, I wish'd my self again at *Holt*, and half fell out with my Condition, that at the same time called me several ways by the name of Servant and Brother. Yet I did not carry away all my self at our parting; for, believe it, my better part has hover'd constantly about you, and you had the unseen assistance of my earnest addreses to the best Physician.

But

But 'tis more than time to consider I am tedious; let me once more conjure you to give no advantage to your Disease by any inward disturbance; and continue to love him who will live and dy, dear Brother, unchangeably

*Yours to serve you, R. L.*

POSTSCRIPT.

*I shall be in London about three weeks hence. Present me tenderly to my Sister F. and J. and tell my Sister J. that I have confer'd with Physicians about her Scurvey, and they all conclude that there is nothing so soveraign for it as Aqua Limacum of which she may have the receipt in the new London-Dispensatory. Farewell. I pray let me hear suddenly from you.*

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LETTER XXIX.

*To Mr. W.*

*Sir,*

**T**He doubt that my first Letter might miss the way to your hands has made me venture to send you this second trouble, conceiving it a less sin to be too obsequious than neglectful: and indeed your kindness would win the name

of Charity in vouchsafing a mutual correspondence; for, though I be very civilly us'd from the very top to the toe of this whole Family, yet in this throng I am forc'd to find out solitude; none here being made of a better clay than will render them fit vessels for household-affairs; and I confess I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him I fasten on with a stronger tye than the ordinary slipping knots of faint acquaintance. This makes me oft put my self to the pain of thinking how much happiness I lost at a clap by being pluck'd from your society, and these thoughts leave me a kind of a Carkase till my soul comes home again, which (if it were visible) you might often see busily hovering about your self, still panting after those delights which, alas! she has lost in her divorce from you; but it is in your power to restore me part of them. I will venture no news, lest I weary you with the relation of what you know. I must only say, this stupendous victory of late has much lessened my infidelity concerning your judicious opinion of future events; & there wants but the unmasking of your parties resolutions to make me their perfect convert. I am most resolutely bent to follow your discreet advice in the Study of Physick, and therefore desire you will please to know of Dr. R. what books are fittest to begin withal, for I am desirous to observe as much method

method as I can; the exact account of which I beg you will please to receive at my hands, and I hope you will not withhold the continuance of your friendly counsel from him that truly loves and honours you,

R. L.

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LETTER XXX.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

I Am never unfurnish'd of a double welcome for your Letters; the first, as they come from your person, the other from your Pen: as they are cordially meant, and skilfully writ: and thus both my love and liking are your Prisoners, and have long since rejected the liberty of being otherwise, as the hard r bondage of the two. That which we call happiness (I mean restrain'd to sublunaries) is something proportioned to such desires as are uppermost, and therefore indefinite, because it always takes a several shape from every single inclination: all aiming at, though few or none hitting, that sovereign good, Contentment. One hunts his happiness in riches, another climbs for it by ambition, a third thinks it swims upon the top of voluptuary fruition, the fourth places it in knowledge:

ledge; and in fine, so long as mankind dwells on this side of the Moon, every one carries his Witch about him. For my part, a true friend is my *Indies*; and I relish more felicity in being well thought of by a vertuous person, than in enjoying all that the others court with so much eagerness and ardour: and I hug this disposition with more indulgence, because passions of this nature are ever friends with Reason, and give no blush in their Colours. And thus I have given you my heart transcrib'd. It poses me to express my gladness for the fair hopes of my Sister *J's*. recovery, but the height of it might have been taken in my fears of meeting ill news, which mademe so much a Coward as I could hardly forbear shaking when I opened your Letter: I pray speak me to her in the best Language of affection, and tell her I hardly endured the cruelty of my occasions, that would not let me see her in her danger. This problematical feaver has swept many of my acquaintance away in these parts: Death never gave shorter warning of his approach; therefore we had need stand upon a careful guard of preparation, that when he arrests he may not surprise. I pray present me very affectionately to my Sister *F*. I shall take occasion next week to write to both. Report speaks the fractures in *France* to be cemented again, and the *Condean* party well satisfied by the Cardinals retreat  
out



out of the *French* Confines; and 'tis said they are upon a *Treaty* with *Spain*. But the *Hogens* I confess are angered into more animosity against us than ever I thought they would have been guilty of: They have lately imprisoned their last Ambassadour, *Mijn Heer PAW*, seiz'd his goods and pull'd down his house at the *Hague*, for promulging his inclinations to peace, and exceeding his Commission by charging *Van Trump* not to strike a blow till he received further order; by which means our *East-Indian* Ships and *Virginian* Fleet escaped his Fingers. I have sent you their Declaration enclosed, which came out but yesterday, and is sold very privately. My malady continues still in the same condition, so soon as I take off the Plaister it rankles again. I pray ask my Sister *F.* if my Aunt *H.* does not take it unkindly that I sent her not a book; and where my Cousin *A. L.* now resides, and whether her Father in-Law and she be accorded. But I roll like an unruly Flood over all banks and bounds: Dear Brother,

*Eternally yours, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XXXI.

*To Mr. W.**Sir,*

I Cannot grant my self leave to go out of this Countrey, without leaving a hearty Farewel with you ; for should I go away speechless, it would shew your mistake in misplacing your courtesies, and my unworthiness to keep back their acknowledgement: I beseech you Sir, then understand me truly sensible of them, and believe me desirous to obey some command from you that may speak me so. We set forward towards *London* on Munday next ; what the journey signifies, how to be contriv'd, whether we shall fix there, or (like *Noah's Dove*) find no safe footing till we return again to *Haughton* or *Nottingham* Ark, I cannot say; for I think they that fill my sails with the breath of their commands are yet unresolved: But I know my Lady loves the place so well, that it will take her more time to be weary of it, than we are all aware of. Well, if you can instruct me how to serve you there, do it; and be confident that neither an unwilling heart, nor a tardy hand, shall disprove my words, that must ever call my self,

*Sir, Your true friend and faithful  
servant, R. L.*

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

*I pray distribute my love and service where you think they are due to those that know Mr. R. Mr. G. &c.*

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LETTER XXXII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dearest Brother,*

**J**ustice enjoins my confession that you have made me amends for your silence, and paid me my Arrears in gross which I expected in particulars; for though your Letters cannot come often enough to lessen their welcome, yet you know rarity heightens the price of things, and winds up the delight to a taller degree than when it goes and comes in a less stature at several parcels. Conclude not from this that I desire you should write but seldom; for believe it, I never had recreation nor business that out-prized the pleasant care I always took to keep our Quills in play, and thus to prune the feathers, and stir the pinions of our amity. Let not the conceit of an Hectick get any credit with you; for 'tis the custom of these Diseases to lye long a gasping before they dye,

dye, and like Candles new burnt out, leave some heat in the socket: But I hope in a short time to see your fears over-blown by a perfect restoration; and now you will taste your health with such a relish as half-starv'd men do Feasts, or the hopeless inhabitant of a Dungeon his unexpected liberty. But (which deserves both my praise and imitation) I am much taken with the grateful use you have made of Heavens bounty in relation to your deliverance; for since the largest heart is too narrow to set a just value upon such favours, sure those that devoutly endeavour to bid the best price are best accepted. There are many requisites in Christianity, whose constant use does sweetly set us the way to the New *Jerusalem*; but thanksgiving (when currently pay'd) does even place us in the very suburbs of Heaven; by it we only take out that lesson here, whose repetition will be both our business and happiness to all Eternity. Last night with yours I received those rude Draughts which you had from my unskilful hand; but (rude as they are) they are like to do me service in my present undertaking. Wise men tell us (Religion unconcern'd) 'tis weakness to repent those engagements which we cannot retract with a safe reputation: else I would tell you, that if my bargain were now to make, my Letters should still have slept in your hands, and perhaps I should never have wak'd that danger  
that

that now threatens my credit with the stings of some just Criticisms: but the die is cast (and whatever I lose by it) I am resolved to play out the game. I came just now from Sir *I. P.* who ask'd very kindly for you; he looks with a kind aspect upon me; and if my hopes deceive me not in some Courtesies he has power to do me, I may chance to pass by all the great ones that know me, and direct my Dedication to him. But of this more when I know further. I hope it will prove no task to persuade you that I shall be perfectly glad to see you here in *London*; and indeed, if your interest where you are be not more considerable than your pen confesses, I can think it no better than a block to your preferment. In the mean time, while I am here, if I have a capacity to serve you, you cannot disoblige me more than to be sparing of your Commands. I have not, nor ever will have any thing that is not yours; nay, my self is not mine own if you have need of me; and though these words be not necessary to persuade what you formerly believ'd, yet repetitions in Love are only not absurd. Major *W.* returns you his most affectionate respects; we never meet (which is very often) without celebrating your remembrance and Health. When you write, which cannot be too often, direct your Letters for me at one Mr. *M's* House living in *Sandois-street* in *Covent-Garden*, (for there

there we now lodge) right over against the *Black-Rod*. Well; Dear Brother, 'tis time to come to a full point; I am

*Eternally yours R. L.*

## LETTER XXIII.

*To his Sister Mrs. F.*

*My dearest Sister,*

**T**Is now too late to express the passion I felt for what I hope you have recover'd; only this, if a large part of what you suffer'd had been put upon my score, I think I should have pick'd out delight in the affliction, because I endur'd it; for you will give me leave to be glad of your sufferings, not because they were so, but, since Providence did ordain them yours, because they were no greater. My Brother told me that the Disease was not likely to handle you so rudely as it usually doth others, and I was willing to believe him because I wish'd it so. It is fit you should believe that I am not only contented to wish you happy, but would be glad I could make you so by something else beside words: But providence thinks it fit that I should still be unable to serve the friends I love, and therefore defers my preferment, by  
prolong



prolonging my unfortunate and costly malady: Well, the best of it is, I have seen too much of the world to dote upon it; and when I leave it, nothing shall trouble me so much as that I could not serve my friends so well as I lov'd them; in which number you hold the foremost rank in his affections that is

*Your really affectionate Brother*  
*to command, R. L.*

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LETTER XXXIV.

*To his Brother Maj. W.*

*Dear Brother,*

**T**Hough to speak my self in your debt be not to pay the least scruple, unless thanks go currant, yet I cannot but acknowledge the fresh expressions of your friendship, nor repeat my engagement to you: last kind entertainment and conduct, without calling my Stars penurious in allowing me no other power of requital than a few cheap words; But, so you may credit it, that if ever occasion shews me how to shape it in better Characters, I shall not be loth to wipe out the score. In the mean time, all I have to ask at your hands, is to construe me right,  
F and

and believe my meaning quadrate to my words, and nothing but want of power denies my actions the same proportion. I burn to hear how my poor Brother does, which I desire to receive from your pen as exactly as possible. I have endeavoured to find a convenience for our literal exchange by *Lin*, but as yet cannot reach any that I dare trust to: therefore pray send your Letters by *London*, and direct them to my Shoemaker in *Holborn*. Present my entire love to my Sister, to honest Mr. *B. B. Don* &c. cordially, and believe it you shall incur no error to style me

Sir, Your most affectionate  
Brother and Servant, R. L.

## LETTER XXV.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

**T**Hat I had not a line or two from your hand by Mr. *D.* I suppose was rather mischance than intention: that I eagerly expected it, may be credited from my frequent importunities, from which I know not how you will defend your self, so long as I tenetize it here in this blind corner; where I almost live like a flye  
in

in winter, and only play in the Sun-shine when I communicate with such friends as your self. But he tells me a sad story of J. W's sickness; which, believe it, does affect me as feelingly as can be requir'd from an unbiass'd friendship. Let me conjure you to tell by the next how I may measure my unhappiness by his danger: I was ever entirely his from the cradle of our acquaintance; but his last condescension to fetch me to my sick Brother makes my apprehension too big for my expression. I pray do me the favour to receive all such Letters as shall be directed to me through your hands, for he that did me the same Courtesie, I hear, is lately dead of the new feaver. I should blush to give you these troubles, if your Commission had not emboldned me; but if I do not requite, I shall not forget to acknowledge. Present me heartily to honest C. W. Mr. L. and promise your self a true friend in

*R. L.*

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LETTER

## LETTER XXXVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother.

I Need not tell you I am now in *Lincolnshire*, for I suppose, you will easily read it in my Literal intermission. Thus to be out of the way is to be remote; since now the motion of our Letters must be more than semicircular; and they travel as people do in *Wales*, round about the hill because they cannot cross it in Diameter. When I parted with the Major at *London*, I confess I engaged to give you and him a meeting at *Holt*; But since our arrival here it has pleas'd God to strike my Lord and Lady, one with a Feaver, the other with a Tertian Ague, which in all probability will resolve into the new Disease: which extremely rages in these parts, and murders abundance of people: my Lord of *Lincoln's* only Brother dyed of it last week. This inforces a suspension of my purpose, and bids me content my self to send you my embraces at this instant.

In this same voyage to the Grave, which we call Life, our condition is so frail and floating, as we are nought else but living lumps of incertainty and irresolution; so easie it is for Fortune  
(or

(or rather Providence) to unravel our strongest woven designs, and unhinge our most serious intentions; that like the withered leaves of Autumn, we are the game of every blast, and our health the prey of every sickly vapour. But now, Dear Brother, how do you? have you yet escap'd the fangs of this new-spawn'd malady? Pray tender your health very carefully: for my part, I should deem my self in great danger in this standing pool of Air where we live, if the hole in my arm were not my friend, in giving several Passports to infection and contagious vapours, which so long as nature has power to thrust out at that Sally-port, my danger is not great. I pray let me know, if my Sister J's health be yet perfected, and how the rest of my friends hold out against the batteries of a putrified Climate. Present me, as is due, to all that know me; preserve me in your Affections, Wishes, and Prayers; and believe it, your happiness shall be always mentioned in his addresses to Heaven that is, Dear Brother,

*Your own indelibly, R. L.*

**POSTSCRIPT.**

Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can. Excuse my blots, for I wrote it in haste in my Ladies chamber, from whom I do not stir.

## LETTER XXXVII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.**Dear Brother,*

**Y**OU have subdued me so entirely, and tied the knot so strait that binds me to you, that there is as much impossibility to undo it, as ingratitude to cut it: so as, like the mistaken husbandman that tills an unfruitful Soil, you must expect to receive a lean crop, not because the earth is unthankful, but unable. After I had sent my last, I received one of your Letters that plaid the Truant by the way, with some pieces of the broken Glass, which appeared like the disjoined staves of a wreckt Vessel thrown ashore by the Tide: the Pills came safe, which I since took at twice (loth to take proofs of so much kindness, as sinners do the gifts of Heaven, not to use them, but abuse them.) You give me more hope than I dare accept, in reference to that check to all the delight I can either taste or fancy, bating some divine Ideas that by a speculative transfiguring my desires lift me above all those inconsiderable toys that the World ranges under the smiles and frowns of Fortune: but from thence, alas, the weight of my own weakness weighs me down again, and I return (like an inconvertible thief) to the same Prison from



from whence punishment so lately freed me. But we cannot be more than men, till we be strip<sup>t</sup> of our clay, and put on something in its stead that poses our apprehensions, and is best describ'd by negatives.

I must make one among the admirers of your excellent Fancy, that could retain the impression of a face that time might have wiped out without an almost just trespass of memory; but you were born to these advantages, and do but methodically imbellish those qualities in single and singular performances that Nature gave you in lump and substance. The old woman my last mentioned is with much ado gotten over the threshold of the other world, and has bequeathed her corps to a *Nottingham*-grave; whether I believe we shall wait upon them about a Fortnight hence, but 'tis yet an incertainty. What ever the Major resolves, there must be more than appearance that shall make me forsake my interest here, though poor and contemptible: I know the story of *Æsop's* dog, that let fall the flesh to catch the shadow, and you the Moral. The Clock has struck twelve, and my eye-lids grow unruly, therefore take it not ill if I give a dull Farewell, and abruptly call my self, dear Brother,

*Yours, Eternally* R. L.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. W.

*My Dear Friend,*

**Y**OU had sooner seen a reply to your last, had we not still shifted places like feathers in the wind, and too much motion stay'd my hand. I am sorry my last gave so hard a task to your belief, but am glad it provoked you to breath your fancy so merrily. I should lavish words to retort your ingenious glances; only this, if you disliked the extravagancies in it, suffer excess of joy to excuse it, which oft like other passions breaks out disorderly. Well, my dear friend, let it suffice, there was not a syllable that was not meant before it was said, and meant because deserved. But since you do not like such Transports, I shall learn to talk soberer, though never to love you with less ardour. All women have yet appeared so indifferent, as the whole Sex was never able to give me a passion, much less such a one: what the old woman that Fate has marked for mine will do I know not, I think I shall honour her venerable wrinkles, and reverence her spectacles; but she must have better linings than that sex use to wear within, before I can love her like such a friend. Another flood of Rheum has lately confuted my  
opinion

opinion of a cure and made me recant my brags; but I do not despair suddenly to make it find another channel. I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. S. does yet mention the token to you; for if you permit, I can tell how to hint it without reflecting upon you. I am much afflicted and upbraid the shortness of my chains, when I find I cannot serve you as I would, & do wrangle with every accessory to our stay in this dull Countrey; but all alas to little purpose, for our return to *London* is both uncertain and unlikely. Our friends in *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* I hope are well, only my Sister *F.* is now lick of the Small-Pox; but in my next I will be able to render you a more particular account of yours, which I shall receive from my Brother. If you would write to any other, 'tis but venturing a request to *M. H.* to deliver it to the *Norfolk* Post, and take their answers from him to send to you. The man is honest and friendly, and I know loves you enough to do much more; I have excused you to him. My Lord returns your respects with much affection, and I think has much love for you. Good Sir, re-salute your friend from his unknown servant with much respect, and tell him I shall gladly do any thing that may deserve his love. But I shall grow too talkative; I have no more to say, but ro beg you will still understand me, as I must ever be, my dear friend,

*Yours eternally, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIX.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

*Loving Brother,*

**I**T were superfluous to repeat how little the treachery of new objects, fresh acquaintance, long absence, change of place, &c. is able to do in quenching that affection which I shall keep alive with the same care that *Vestals* did their sacred flame. This you have often had under my hand and seal, and you may be confident it will never be forfeited. We are again settled at *Nottingham*, where the advantage of a larger leisure to write is checked by the scarcity of opportunities; but rarity does raise the price of delight; we set a trivial esteem upon joys that come at a low rate, but indulge those we sweat for: and thus we shall entertain our Letters like our selves when we meet seldom; nothing so much endearing the personal interview of friends, as when some large portion of time has crept betwixt them. As we came down, one of Fortunes spiteful tricks (of which, I thank her, to me she has always been very liberal) made me lose the taste of a pleasant journey, which was thus; The day of our setting out appointed I consented to the earnest sollicitudes of my dear Mr. W. (then in the Country) to let him know it,

it, caus'd by a desire of his to meet me at *St. Albans*, where we had decreed to shorten a night together with such mutual solace as would have suffered its hours to pass by untold: in hope of this he came little less than forty miles on purpose; which trouble he would needs undertake in lieu of some petty services I was happy to do him in his absence; but upon the brink of our taking leave a Whimsy predominated, and we must needs go another way by *Alesbury*; which though I opposed as far as I durst, was carried against me, and my hopes of so much delight were sacrificed to an inconvenience; for we went ten miles about for a worse way, lost a Gentleman and a Foot-man that were sent the other, and my vertuous friend (after two nights stay) returned with abused expectations: I never took a peevish chance with less patience. My Malady still continues to afflict me; I pray let the Doctor know with what little success I have observed his prescriptions, and if he can bethink himself of any other course that may prove more effectual I shall gladly use it: I see purging will not do it, and the powder never made me sneeze to purpose. Pray tell him I have a strong conceit that some Chymical application should effect it. You will much oblige me to propound it to as many skills as you shall converse with, and to send me their several judgements at your best convenience, while I strive to do as much  
where



where I am. I would not dare to give you this trouble, if I were not confident that you loved

*Your own R. L.*

### POSTSCRIPT.

*If I could but shift this unhappy trouble, I would not yet doubt to add figures to the cyphers of my thin fortunes.*

### LETTER XL.

*To his Nephew Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Cousin,*

**I** Cannot always content my self to shut up a speechless affection in my breast, since that amity that wants a tongue may justly be suspected to want a heart, & lye benum'd like a Snake in Winter: for though Memory and Fancy may possibly combine to keep Idea's and Images undefaced by the hand of time, yet where action & exercise are wanting, there is no more than possibility of life; and that friendship that can always lie still, does at best but hide it self; and makes as little harmony as an unstrung Instrument. Lest ours that grew up with our greenest years should fade, and fall insensibly into  
such



such a trance, suffer these blows to rouse it, and invite your pen to contribute a preservative that may keep it fresh and vigorous. With this Paper you shall receive a rude draught of mine by a *French* Original, which I drew at idle hours when my Genius was neither prompt nor propitious to better studies. Cousin your acceptance will more than requite it; and if you chance to have patience enough to read it over, 'tis all you will get by it. I pray present my hearty service to my Brother and Sister *P.* & distribute my respective salutes among those friends where you think they are due: & to your self, take as faithful an affection as I am capable of cherishing, or you of desiring from

*Your really affectionate Kinsman  
to serve you, R. L.*

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## LETTER XLI.

*To his Brother Mr. A.L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**M**Y designs of coming over have been so oft diverted by unexpected commands and accidental emergencies, as I fear my promises have almost lost their credit. But if you knew the vehemency of my longing to see you  
and

and the rest of my friends, you would pity my impatience (th<sup>e</sup> froward child of so many delays.) Divines tell us, this life is a Pilgrimage; and if ever any people made it good in both senses I think 'tis our restless family: The Sun in his annual progress through his 12. Coelestial Innes doth not oftner change his Quarters. Ever since I knew them I have been nothing but a guest, and must of necessity learn to be a wise man if ever I intend to be at home so long as I am with them. About two months since I had appointed my day to set out, when a sudden resolution for a *Yorkshire*-visit to my Lord *F.* his house (retir'd thither to a private life sinch he ungenerall'd himself) turn'd my horse head the contrary way. From thence, after a tedious stay, with much adoe we turn'd to *Haughton*, and from thence are arriv'd at *London*, (a journey I scarce knew of 12. hours before I took it.) I am the more particular in my gestures, lest you should put my silence upon the account of neglect. I had resolv'd again the last Monday to begin my motion East-ward, and my foot was almost in the stirrop, when meeting with *Holt*-Post, he informed me that my Brother *W.* would be in Town this week; and upon those grounds I defer'd my journey till he return home-ward about a fortnight hence, if the sad increase of my malady (which I much suspect) does not arrest me here; I daily  
feel

feel it inroach upon me, &c. (Whatever Heaven has design'd it for I am resolv'd to welcome) But of this more when I see you, if it will give me leave. Pardon these perfunctory blots to my present indisposition, and be confident I will cease to be, when I am not, dear Brother, inviolably

*Tours to love and serve you, A. L.*

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LETTER XLII.

*To his Brother Mr. R. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Wish my Pen were not so indebted to your opinion, as to despair of having right to that Character you have ever given it; but what you call a Garden is little better than a Wilderness, and the Thorns and Nettles which it plants are only Roses in the deceiv'd eyes of affection. Thus the yellow sands of *Tagus* first came by their Gold, not because *Midas* did indeed there wash off his wish, but because *Midas* and his wish too were made on purpose to raise the Rivers credit by the partial ingenuity of its Countrey-men. Nay *Tiber* it self (but a brook to our *Thames*) would have made his visits to the Ocean with no more noise than his own streams make, if it had not taken *Rome* in

in its way, and glided by the walks of her clear-witted Poets. True love is wilfully blind to the imperfections of its object ; and if the scars be not too broad, she turns away her head till her hands hide them in Black patches ; imitating the great Architect upon the *Chaos*, forcing Beauty from Deformity it self. But to quit Metaphor, I re-thank you for the vigilance of your active endeavours in behalf of my recovery ; if ever Providence intends my health (which I have too much cause to doubt) I think I shall owe it to your industry ; and indeed there is none to whom I would more willingly consent to be indebted, nor more gladly find a power to requite, than your self: but I confess where there is such true amity these terms are superfluous. I shall gladly receive any thing from the Doctor that may have reference to my Cure ; but I am afraid I shall find some difficulty to be a circumspect observer of his prescriptions, for we are here rather a croud than a family, and are rather quarter'd like an Army than lodg'd, few Chambers deserving better titles than Huts. But I hope we shall shortly march away ; however if I receive ought that may carry any pretence to a remedy, I shall struggle hard both for time and place to take it as I ought. I thank you for the History of your High-suffolk-journey : I shall take some order to lay the storm of my Sister P's unkindness, if the  
weak

weak Magick of my Pen can do it; for if there be any Art in it, you know 'tis black. For what concerns the Recognizance, I shall say nothing till your progression teach me both how to speak and do. I made no question but to be as big as my word when my last talk'd of your two sticks coming down; but having since met with the Major's masculine Wife, she tells me that it will be *Michaelmas* before she makes any more; but she has promis'd that the patience of your expectation shall be then rewarded with the masterpiece of her Art. Honest J. is ready to beat his Wife that she forces his promise to so slothful a performance; he salutes you cordially, and seems always to be thirsty when he drinks your health. But 'tis time to hold my Tongue. Dear Brother, I am, and will continue unfeignedly

*Yours in all that power and will  
can manifest, R. L.*

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**G** **LETTER**

## LETTER XLIII.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

I Received your Letter of *April 5.* which proved a sovereign cure to the suspicion which hung like a disease upon my heart; no corner of which did ever yet harbour thought or wish concerning you, but whatever endeavour'd to indear itself to your future happiness. And though Fortune has not smiled upon my longing for employments, by bestowing success on your kind endeavours; yet I have taught my soul as gratefully to relish the real intention, as if its greedy desires had been feasted with the effectual execution. I confess my hopes took a sad fall in Sir T. B. but I had rather be content with the misfortune than that it should procure your discontent with the man. Sir, I find it fit to acquaint you, that 'tis now my resolution to break the chains of that unthrifty liberty that has all this time led my wandering steps from the path of employment; to which (rather than sacrifice any more of the precious off-spring of time to the idol of idleness) 'tis my vow to lure my soaring desires to a more humble flight; & since their wings are too weak in a forreign shore to make prudential Experience their Quarrey, Humility shall



shall train them to stoop at a domestick prey: the meanest of which (so it be not base & dishonest) I shall want pride enough to disdain. Nor did I ever want jealousy that the unskilful weakness of my worthless parts would render me an unfit Pilot to be imbarqued at first in the managing of a Secretaries place; and my now becalmed thoughts relish it as a prevention of some disgrace by the kind Providence, that my feeble failings might have betraied me to. In summe, not only the covet of my own desires, but the promises of some friend have encouraged me to be at *London* at *Easter Term*; where I expect (if I am not wide) to hit some happy opportunity of imployment: to further which, I hope you will vouchsafe him your testimony that always was, and ever will be

*Your faithful Servant, R. L.*

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LETTER XLIV.

*To his Sister Mrs. F.*

*My Dearest Sister,*

**T**Is now too late to express the passion I felt for what you have now recovered, & give me leave to be glad of your sufferings, not because they were so, but (since that Providence

G 2

did

did ordain them yours) because they were no greater. My Brother told me the disease was not likely to handle you rudely, as it usually does others; and therefore I hope that cruel enemy to a good face has not left the foot-steps of his tyranny upon yours. It is fit you should believe that I am not only contented to wish you happy, but would be glad I could make you so, by something else besides words; but Providence thinks it fit that I should still be unable to serve the friends I love, and therefore defers my Preferment by prolonging my unfortunate malady. But the best is, I have seen too much of the World to dote upon it. You are grown very sparing of your Ink & Paper; if you understand my affection as it is, you cannot deny it the content of letting me sometimes know that you do so: I should take it kindly to know where you are, & how you do, with other circumstances such as may be expected by so perfect a well-wisher. There is so little alteration in my condition, that it deserves not mention. Let me know how your pretty Boy does, and how he thrives in his learning. Salute all my friends you meet with my hearty love and service, and be confident you shall never have cause to doubt that I will ever be less than I truly am

*Your real Brother to command, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XLIV.

*To his Brother Mr. R. L.*

**T**O give your Letter a meeting was business enough to invite me this day to *London*, whence the scarcity of time does force me to toss you my answers with the same dexterous speed that a Tennis-player does a Ball, that else would die on his side unrequited. If sometimes then I send you my thoughts undrest, blame the haste that posts them away in such a ruffled manner. I am glad you encountred so much pleasure in going your usual rounds, and perused the kind entertainment of so many friends; to whom I ought to conclude my self ingaged, that they cannot suffer my disappearing from their sight to deprive me of a harbour in their thoughts. But I am sorry I can shew no desert to make my title good to so much courtesie.

I see you have discovered that the place I am in gives me no cause to be lavish in its commendations, but I despair not to make your hopes prophetick in a happier exchange: in the mean time till fortune clears up her brow, and sets a better face on my affairs, I am resolved to improve my slender stock of discretion in the industrious purchase of commodious friends, and the provident husbanding of opportunities

to drive on my more hopeful designs, till the maturity of which, I will neither blame nor forsake the imployment I am in. But whatsoever burden my shoulders shrink under, in spite of Fortune I will be happy in your felicity : which beassured is wished as little subject to decay as Immortality it self by

*Your inviolably affectionate  
Brother, R. L.*

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## LETTER XLVI.

*To Mr. H.*

*Sir,*

**I** Know your affairs make you but a Tenant to your own time, which it seems you rent at a troublesome Dunning your rent-men : 'tis no wonder then if such a throng of occasions should croud such trifles as my self out of your memory ; but you found not my name in your books and so made no account of me. Yet now I think of it, I had best say no more, lest by accusing you I should condemn my self, who, it seems, am guilty of the same crime, *viz.* silence. I acquainted my Lord and Lady with your Apology concerning the rent, and they seem satisfied. If your Valentine be offended with any, 'tis with me, for presenting her thanks no sooner ;  
and

and she will gladly double them, if you can make your word good of my Lords coming down so soon: for she is half impatient till she be out of this warm Sun into Gods blessing. S.D. tells me you are shortly for the *Low Countreys*; I hope your ship is richly laden, and will help you to bear a broader sail; it can be no loss to you to let a friend now and then take a commodity off your hands, for you know what you shall get by the bargain. But of this when we meet, which I believe will be to morrow, for so S. will have it. In the interim I call my self happy that I am, Sir,

*Perfectly yours, R. L.*

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LETTER XLVII.

*To Mr. W. G.*

*Sir,*

Suffer our friendship to give a little employment to my idle Pen; and that, commission to tell you that I am not weavering enough to let absence write it in a wave. And methinks they that cannot talk at a distance without the help of business, do rather usurp than use amity; and, like the persons in an interlude, always act what they are not. The frequent exchange of thoughts, next the Touchstone of Adversity, is

one of the clearest trials of it. Physicians conclude an *Eucrusis* in the body, when every faculty plies its own function; and take the height of the distemper, as they observe them either let their Oars lie still, or row the wrong way; and sure that friendship cannot chuse but languish that dies long speechless. But I hold a Candle to the Sun, and I fear do but shew what a Pedigree my Quill comes of; but 'tis well meant, and so I hope 'tis taken. I like *Virgil's* story of *Nisus & Eurialus*, and methinks it deserves the credit of imitation; for though a fiction, the Poet intended it rather to instruct, than deceive; and meant it as *Xenophon* did his *Cyrus*, rather to shew what should be, than what was. Present me cordially to our *Esculapian* friend, tell him I shall be glad to hear that his skill gets an improvement of ability by sick bodies, and his Fortunes soveraign Cordials from sound Purfes. I pray mention my real respects to honest *Discendam &c.* tell him I could wish every man a good fellow for his sake, drink till they be illustrious and raise the price of Malt.

R. L.

LETTER



LETTER XLVIII.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**M**Y ignorance of the cause of it gave me some trouble for your silence, not knowing what construction to give it, unless that you had not yet quitted *Norfolk*, detained there by the importunity of Sir *J. P.* or some others; but lately meeting with *J. W.* he shewed me your Letter dated from *Barningham*, which mentioned some more Physick you had since sent me: what Fate crost it I know not, but I never received it, or ought else from your hands since you had mine in *Norfolk*. I think there is a conspiracy of chances that traverse the Cure of this unlucky Malady, and use my hopes like notorious offenders, that are only kept alive for their greater torment; yet I cannot but confess the rigour of it to be something abated, since the fontanel in my Arm rather ran than issued. There is more Rhetorick in my meaning than my words, and like a Plant in Winter, whose beauty and vertue are retired to the life in the root; I would, but cannot, thank you sufficiently for your unwearied solicitations of Mr—— in my behalf; but I am now so espoused to incertainty in relation to our stay in *London*, expecting daily when the *Exit* of an old Woman that dies

dies by drops, should give us warning to quit our City-theatre, to attend her Corps to her Countrey-grave; as it makes me desirous you would respite the sending of any more Physick, till I know when and where I shall have opportunity to take it: & you know, such things unless done exactly, are better not begun. Since I wrote some of this I received your Letter, which clears all my doubts of your silence. Your Letter to the Major found him all in tears for the death of one of the best Sisters-in-law, I think, in *England*; she dyed of an Imposthume, and *Jack* not without much cause, is very sensible of his loss. I spied a request of yours, &c. If you can instruct me how to supply your desires in ought else here, I shall take it very ill if you do not freely command, Dear Brother,

*Your ever obliged and truly affectionate Brother, R. L.*

## LETTER XLIX.

*To Mr. H.*

*Sir,*

I Received your pregnant Epistle, and entertained it with as kind a resentment, as a heart when it finds it self obliged does usually feel. But as I receive your love with the fruits of it (your news)

news) as becomes a friend that hates ingratitude, so I cannot own your high-flown unmerited praises without endangering my whole stock of modesty; nor can take them with a better Title than some rich ones of this Age do the goods and lands of others; for which their best evidence is that they are too strong for the right owners. In another, that I had known practised in the smooth sin of dissembling, I had called it Complement; but your known goodness forces a better Title: and I will only say that you beheld my poor deserts through the glass of affection, which deceived you; like those that magnifie objects, and represent their forms, much more large and fair than indeed they are. Sir, in that sence I understand you, and return (in plain and undrest terms) the thanks of a friendly heart, that is resolved not to die in the debt of affection. I am sorry your hopes took so sad a fall in their aims at improvement in your Seraphick Science; but we that wear chains must look for no larger liberty than their length will afford us, unless we break them. I hear you are preparing for *Nottingham*, where we shall infallibly help to increase your family, and I hope joyn our forces in a friendly association to combat with the difficulties of a tedious winter. Sir, this last favour of yours gives me a presumption to enlarge my engagement by a request, that you will please (if time will permit you)

to go to one Mr. K.&c. I would not presume to give you this trouble, if I were not confident in your friendship, and cordially desirous of an opportunity wherein I may prove my self, as I truly am

*Yours R. L.*

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## LETTER L.

*To his Brother Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I** Am now the more eager to redouble my hold on these occasions, because they have lately kept their foretops so long out of my reach; and though I was never less able than now to talk to purpose, yet (next to my main design, which is to let you see that oblivion cannot intrap affection) methinks I would fain rally the retreated spirits of my crest fallen Fancy, that with this long taking breath have almost lost it: garments wear out by being not worn; Ingenuity and Judgement (like the amphibious Otter) may inhabit the opposite Elements of Ease and Industry, yet if they stay too long in either, the first plucks insensibly the feathers from their wings to make a pillow for sloth, and the other (if the bow be not sometimes unbent) does often give them the Cramp with too much stretching, & sometimes a crack to boot which proves hard you know to solder. The only art is to enchase and gently checquer imployment with recre-

recreation, that they may rule like City-Magistrates by Election, and so deliver up the Mace to one another by turns: only I would have the solideſt govern longeſt. But pardon theſe weak fallies; for ſhould I force my Pen to keep the road, & not ſometimes range into extravagancy, it would tire you and it ſelf too with often treading in the print of its own foot-ſteps. And therefore I will tell you that I lighted upon my Brother *W.* by an unexpected kindneſs of fortune, & feathered ſome hearty hours in his company, dipping your health in the nobleſt liquor: & upon Saturday my Brother *W.* vouchſafed to find out my abode, & gave me a welcom account of your well being. I perceive already you were not miſtaken in his character, and have ſeen enough to give a freſh applauſe to my Siſters good fortune. I think his brother (very deſirous of, & well deſerving your acquaintance) and my ſelf (if nothing thwarts our reſolutions) are like to ſee him ſafe at home, and you by the way, eſpecially if you be not there before us. I ſhould hug this voyage with the expectation of much delight among friends, if the ſenſe of this miſerable malady did not render me half aſham'd to invade any company. I ſhall never leave this old trick of tiring your patience with my Country-tales: however with all my faults, my dear Brother, I am

*Perſectly yours as far as the ſinews of an unbiassed affection can ſtretch, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LI.

*To Mr. R. C.**Dear Robin,*

I Hope thou knowest me too well, to censure any thing but my weakness in my Pseudo-prophecie; for the failing of which, I cannot suffer you to over-match my sorrows. I should give thee Reasons why I apprehended those hopes which are now martyr'd, but they are not fit to be trusted with this paper, and would new gall thy griefs to see there was a likelihood of being happy. And now though the common calamity may challenge a constant Tribute of resentment from me, yet let me tell thee, *Robin*, that Divinity does not allow our eyes to be always dropping over a remediless evil: nor can it sure be angry if we do not suffer one wide-mouthed woe to swallow all our joys. I confess that is properly Misery, which Oblivion cannot intomb; but Heaven gives no griefs which may not admit of intermission. Then for us to divert our speculation upon such objects, as may contribute an innocent refreshment, cannot be unlawful. And though Fortune should spend her whole artillery of mischiefs upon me, yet still possessing thy friendship, in spite of all her malice I would sometimes be happy; for even while my Pen  
thus



thus talks unto thee, methinks I have a truce with misfortune. 'Tis not only the fruits, but the end of wisdom to keep fair weather in the soul; all that is called happiness without that is but a handsom Impostor. Vexations were the Vultures that fed upon poor *Promethæus* Liver; let us then try to escape our afflictions at present, and trust Providence for a full release hereafter. To put this in practice, I give my fancy leave to range and turn over her world of objects, and (that she may cull content from something) I bid her mark the industrious Bee visiting every flower that may help to send her singing home with laden Thighs; I bid her ransack Historical Records of former ages, and please her self when she finds an exemplary punishment tread upon the heels of unjust ambitions; I bid her help me to hug mine own innocence, & to be glad I did not part with it to grow by such considerable means: But I enjoyn her as her best recreation to visit thee, and gently inform me, at least by an affectionate presumption, how kind an entertainment thou allowest the memory of

*Thine entirest Friend, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.**Dear Brother,*

**I**Ngagement, Obligation, Requitall, &c. are but Crutches for a decrepit friendship that cannot stand upon its own legs; such course hungry flames hasten to their snuff, unless they be fed with the Kitchen-stuff of Complement, while ours scorning such gross material fuel, are their own continual nourishment, and shine with such legitimate and unborrowed lustre, as difference themselves from the bastard light of the other Comets, by wearing beams that the malice of Fortune, Reputation, Calamity, &c. can neither quench nor dim.

I am now beginning to be beholding to Custom, that mother of Facility, for rendring my demeanour suitable to my imployment, which at the first made me the resemblance of an unway'd Colt, or an unbiass'd Bowl, so that now I begin to wear my fetters with as much ease as if they were Bracelets. Nothing can come from you that shall not bid it self welcome; but your precepts that way will find an extraordinary entertainment. I fear the product of these uncivil wars will prove our *Chancer* as much *Prophet* as Poet; but as it is not in our power to stay

stay the hand that scourges us, so it is not in our knowledge how soon the Chirurgery of Heaven will drop balm into our wounds. I thank you for your account of our County; but were the reasons fit to be trusted with this Paper, I would tell you, why I do now as much dislike the calm, as I formerly condemned the storm; I could let you know the particulars of the *Kentish* affairs: whose number, discipline, resolution, &c. have rendered them formidable to the Parliament, Army, and City, but I presume you have them from a better hand. There is an old acquaintance of yours in Town which some call Mrs. E. F. and though she presents her kind respects to you, yet she cannot conceal that she takes your long silence something unkindly; three or four lines to her while she is here, (which will be a fortnight) will mend the fault. Want of time and paper releases you from further trouble, and gives you the farewell of

*Your really affectionate Brother*  
*to command, R. L.*

H

LETTER

## LETTER LIII.

*To Mr. H.**Sir,*

**Y** Our last parcel of Paper I received, not without admiring your skill in contraction, that could put so exact a Letter in the bounds of a Note. Methought it appeared like a fruitful spot of earth, whose fertility made me amends for its narrow Continent. Your silence had been better excused with any Plea, than the want of complement, for that is a commodity I never had any use for: 'tis a faint sickly friendship that is fed with such weak nourishment; and excuse me if I say I should make but an ill bargain to exchange my strong well-woven reality for such flimsy fleasy stuff. It is a lesson only fit to be learned in the infancy of acquaintance, and absolutely necessary to be forgotten in the progress: it is the crime of my mistake if ours be not marched far beyond it, and it must not be my fault if ever we found a retreat. I could wish propitious Fame would put you to the charge of more paper, and tell you such things, as would ask to be express'd in your paler Ink; but we must patiently wait Divine leisure. I thank you for your domestick intelligence. I pray in your next let me know exactly how the Treaty succeeds. We have

have nothing here deserves the telling, and I have said all when I have subscribed my self,

Sir, Your affectionate Servant, R. L.

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### LETTER LIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

*Loving Brother,*

**S**ince I ascribe your last weeks silence rather to accident than design, I cannot justly take that advantage to say nothing; but especially since my sudden removal to a more remote place is like to heighten the price of these opportunities, I must have leave to cherish this, and like the parting of a pair of Lovers to hug it with a tedious tenderness. For since necessity has made another my owner, I must bow my will to her proud injunctions, and suffer her quietly to strip it of that happy power that gave me the propriety of intention & determination: thus letting go the hold I had in my disposal, I must now like a Cock-boat suffer my self to be rowed by another sail, or like an inferiour spring or wheel, obey the impulsion of a greater. My Lady C. is already in *Nottinghamshire*, whither I am to attend my Lord the next week; how long our stay will be I know not, but I fear too tedious, unless

the bonny *Scot* drive us back to *London*, which I am very loth to part with, because I look upon it, as the forge of my better fortunes: this journey is like to afford more pleasure than profit, and to prove a true resemblance of my present employment. But I thought it more fit to stay the stomach of my hungry fortunes with this bit, than to suffer them to famish in the vain expectation of a plenteous Feast. If I had not learned the trick to be at home every where, this journey would have put me to some trouble; for I am to begin my acquaintance with every creature in this family, and to part with another, that if I be not my own flatterer, do both know and love me. While I am there, I shall be industrious to give you the true visage of my own particular affairs, and sometimes a touch of the general. In the meantime that your happiness may hold a perfect proportion with your wishes, is the zealous desire of

*Your entirely affectionate Brother*

*to command, R. L.*

LETTER



## LETTER LV.

*To Mr. J. E.**Sir,*

**F**Nmity has domineer'd so long, that Amity is almost grown out of countenance and fashion; yet to this dear commodity I am endeared by a double reason; first because she was never more refined by persecution, than now; Vice having this good property, that the injuries it does its opposite vertue, often prove her tire-maids, and set her off with more lovely lustre; but she is chiefly beholden to your vertues for the height of my esteem, the acquaintance with which I would not sell for a more gaudy jewel, to lose or forfeit which by neglect were worse, than for a School-boy to lose his lesson, or an Artificer to sell his tools. This through the glass of your modesty may appear like flattery, but if brought to the Touch stone of your worth, it will appear Truthsnaked metal undisguised in the Alchymy of Dissimulation. For news, that which is bad, has lately got so much unhappy truth of its side, that I may well say it's good news that there is no news at all. I do here wait upon imployment, like him that is sick of the contagion of Love, upon a froward Mistress; and she has yet used me like that handsom

Idol, vouchsafes a kiss at this, and gives me a frown at the next interview, though I stake my liberty against her kindness; yet if my blind enemy has stored up no unexpected spight, I am now near her imbraces. But I think I can miss a fortune with as much patience as ever I did, and while such as you, and *L.*——Family affords me to enjoy your innocent, though chargeable tranquillity, she cannot rob me of all my happiness. I desire not only my own profit, but the Ages, when I wish those judicious and learned Animadversions of yours were born to the World, as well as those that stand in the deserving rank of your intimate friend, by that means I might hope for a review. But I cloy your patience in this festival time with the course ill-cook'd fare that my pen affords, while I hold a solemn Feast in my breast, garnished with the choice delicates of those thoughts, that I am and ever will be

*Tours R. L.*

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**T**Hough I believe you are in my debt for many Letters, yet because you do not use to be so slow a Pay-master of such obligations, I am willing to suspect that Fortune has used them as she oft does travellers that undertake long and dangerous voyages, saluting their sayles with contrary winds, that either affront their intentions with a forced delay, or wreck them and their desires together: however I shall continue to shoot one shaft after another, till I find you have found some of them. By this undaunted perseverance you may guess how well I esteem what comes from you; and I shall not need other Rhetorick than what lives in your own breast to set your pen awork; if you fancy as much delight in the task as I do, to give it the title of Pain will be to miscall it. We live in a Town, the description of which shall serve to swell this Letter to the ordinary bulk. First it is seated upon a firm Rock, which makes most of the meanest inhabitants to live like *Troglo-dits*, or Conies, under ground, and are only obliged to the Pickaxe and Mattock for their Mansion. It is beset with such a variety of

Natures blessings, as I know not whether it affords more satisfaction to the eye that hunts for profitable objects, or that which gads after delightful ones. On the one side it is overlooked by Hills of such a stature, as will require some pain to climb, but double requite it, when you are up; as if Nature had wisely contriv'd a little difficulty on the purchase, on purpose to indear the possession: their proud brows are fann'd with such a delicious Air, as if it be true that Camelions receive no other food, here they might have a continual feast; here the eye may dally with a sweet variety of prospect, and is hardly perswaded to be weary, because so much diversity does refresh and renew the pleasure; there you have a full view of the flowry fruitful Meads that (crescent-wise in a rich braverie) court this sweet scituation with semicircular imbraces, the feet of it are washed by the silver-Trent, which seems to murmur as he passes by, that he is forced to swim away from the society of so many beauties. If you send your Opticks further they are entertained with goodly houses, fair Churches, shady Groves, and with a Castle the same that was entred from a vault by King *Edward* the III. when he ravish'd *Mortimer* from his mothers arms, that (standing upon a tall firm rock) seems to bid defiance to Time, and scorps to take his ruine the ordinary way by having his heels tript up by a fundamental decay. I have dwelt

dwelt the longer upon these my silent companions, because they are the best society I converse with; for consider how the new found-world (where the earth was lin'd with Gold) was peopled, and you have my meaning; only here's the difference, they were new people to their discoverers, and simple, these are of the new Edition and crafty: Only I am very happy in an old *Italian* Gentleman that serveth my Lady Dowager, one of the best Linguists in *England*; under his tuition I am now a serious Student of the *French* Tongue, and have almost gained a general Theorical knowledge in the Language; within some few weeks I shall proceed to *Italian*, which will be much an easier task; you may make a silent question, what profit I expect to reap from a few varied fruitless words? but when I have gained them I shall easily solve that doubt, and let you know how I will make it give larger scope to my narrow condition here, or else transplant my self, where I may thrive better. My trouble still continues and is like to do while I am here: for this Town affords none that profess the *Esculapian* art: but only one dull old thing, who when I tried him in some discourse, could quote nothing but *Schola Salerni*, and made me a very dexterous discovery of his own insufficiency. If you have spoken with the reverend Doctor since about it, I pray let me know his opinion of it without disguise;  
for

for if it be incurable, I shall try to make the best use of my own despair, and force a satisfaction from reason, since I can have it from nought else. I pray ask him if he thinks letting blood in the temples would not be good, or whether an issue in my neck would not infallibly check the course of the humour; but, I confess, I am scarce willing to try that, till I see all the rest fail: if you can prevail with him let me intreat you to get a receipt of the neezing Powder, and inclose it in yours; for though I do not hope a cure from it, yet it may stay the increase of the humour till I take some stronger medicine. If your affairs shall call you to *Normich*, or if you can send directions to my sister *F.* to do it, I would gladly have the opinion of *Dr. B.* from whose advice I fancy most hope of all. I would not be unwilling to give him a fee; for, if a cure be to be bought, I would not stick to pay for it with all I can make, rather than go without it. Well, Brother, excuse this trouble, and be confident that if ever you have occasion to call my love to the tryal, either to serve your desires, or designs, or both, you shall clearly find that I am no less than totally

*Tours in unfeigned affection, R. L.*

LETTER



## LETTER LVII.

*To Mr. A.**Worthy Sir,*

Suffer this paper to return your salutes with an affection unmixt and immortal as the Soul from whence it springs, to which your own worth has given you a most unquestioned title. It has been still my custom to ask leave of Reason and Experience before I profess my self a friend ; Sir, they have both voted you into my breast, and I wish I could as easily imitate your deserts, as love them. When you know me better, you will find I am unapt to say these things and not mean them ; and may be confident you have purchased a heart that will resign the resentment of happiness in such a friend to no other power than what at last will deprive it of all resentment. I confess I have done so little to make this good, as your thanks might well have stayed at home till more desert had invited them. What you call a favour in my transmission of Letters, is perfect nothing, and a single remembrance over-values it : but since you will needs make it a Courtesie, I will confess it, on condition you will give me leave to prescribe the recompence, which is, that you would believe me to be as I truly am

*Tours R. L.*  
LETTER

## LETTER LVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

I Have a better title to Integrity, than Ingenuity; and the Robes which you with an over-partial affection term neat and handsome, are rather taken from the wardrobe of my heart, than my brain. Indeed I find more cause to affect my own rude honest plainness, than by endeavouring bravery only labour to be suspected. Your apprehension strayed when you understood me so sudden a proficient in the science of Serving; I lay claim to no such promptitude of parts to learn my lesson, so soon as I have taken it out; my only intent in my last was to let you know that I had shak'd off those daunting agueish perturbations that use to affect weak minds when they are dazled with an unwonted presence: for in the first trial of my restraint, I far'd not like a bird that formerly had ranged the large field of Air with a careless and wanton, unchecked wing, newly taught to know the narrow limits of a Cage, where it will ask the documents of some time to instruct that little creature to forget her liberty, and re-assume the alacrity of her former chirping; so I was awhile to seek with what behaviour to personate my captivity,

tivity, but custom has given me confidence, and I hope discretion will keep off insolence. I have not only received, but eaten your instructions; and am resolved (by tendering them the nourishment of my future demeanour) to shew the proof of their good digestion: but yet both my deserts and hopes are of too humble a growth to fear the artillery of Envy.

I delivered your Letter to my Sister F. who engaged my Pen to return her thanks & respects. I dare not venture to give you any news this week, 'tis so unsafe and uncertain; only this of sad consequence, that my Lord is fallen dangerously sick of the Small-Pox. Mr. W. presents his service to you to whom I am deeply obliged. I have no more to say but that I am

*Your really affectionate and desirous  
Brother to serve you, R. L.*

**LETTER**

## LETTER XLIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

*Loving Brother,*

I Can think of no other interpretation for your silence, but that you keep it to punish the mischance of some of my latest Letters, and so I am made a sufferer for Fortunes fault: if so, let this deprecate my imputation of neglect; and did I not conceive that some of yours have met with the same misfortune, I should severely examine myself how I have deserved to be forgotten. However you resent your endeavours that way, I shall not injure judgement to indulge affection; if I say that I never read any thing with more delight than your lines, and so oft as I receive them in spite of all my Melancholy and the cause of it, they remember me that I am happy. If I were not still like a ship that has lost her Anchor, and can therefore take no course but what she is driven to by the imperious winds, I had long since landed in *Suffolk*, and there unladed my breast into your ear: but, though my longing be still green and vigorous, my opportunities like Vegetals that die to revive again, are faded with the season; but they will bud with the eldest children of the Spring, and I am resolv'd

solv'd shall be gathered at their first appearance. The main cause is, my Lady suddenly expects to increase the world by one more at least; and though I can never be less useful than in those feminine tumults, yet great ones love at such solemn troubles to have their servants presence signifie they have such pertinents; and thus I must stay to piece up formality, and the important affair of being at home will be gravely dispatched in making a show that I am so. I have nothing to acquaint you with but what you already know, &c. This is the third since I received any from your self; but I adventured to send them by some wool-men that came out of *Lincolnshire* to your parts; but if this miscarry too, which goes the same way, I will never trust men more whose wits go a wool-gathering: the inch of time that is allowed me to scribble this, makes me commit as many errors as there are lines, and make as many blots as words, for I send this by my Ladies Bayliff into *Lincolnshire*, who is always in haste; and by plain force have rent this time from my other pressing occasions, thus to sin over my good will; do but pardon this, and the next week you shall have amends by the Post. When you see our *Holt*-friends, I pray mention my affectionate respects to them all; tell my brother *W.* he shall do me right to believe me less exceptions than I have been represented: and

and believe it, I am, and ever will be

*Yours perfectly to love and serve  
you, R. L.*

## LETTER LX.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**Y**OU had not mist a Letter last week, if my Messenger had not mist the time of its delivery, so it fell short of the Post, and returned to my hands, when I thought it at B. And indeed Fortune here seem'd to withstand its passage with discretion; not deeming it fit, that pieces of such deformity should scape unstified in their births to shame their parents: but Fortune has no skill in friendship, and knows not that Imperfections are more easily pardoned, than Neglect, at the Bar of Love; I have therefore sent it, though the same thing that will vindicate, must accuse me: resembling Physicians medicines in such ill brew'd constitutions, as mine; the same thing that corrects the intemperate heat of the Liver, increases the unnatural cold of the stomach; and indeed the extreme opposition in temper between these two parts, I take to be the original of my miserable trouble, of which  
this



this inclosed does give a more particular information: and when you present my apprehensions of it to the Doctor, I pray let him know what I have understood of his son.

He had by the affability of his carriage, the solidity of his parts, and the success of his skill, purchased an high esteem with the best; besides the good will of all that knew him, having done many cures there by relation, that might have proved problematical to the most grey-headed experience. When an unfortunate curiosity got into the head of young Mr. *Bendish*, eldest son to the Ambassadour, to take a voyage to the Holy Land, and particularly to *Hierusalem*, to see the holy Sepulchre, with other reliques and repositories that time has not yet quite effaced there; the Fathers opinion of his prudence, made him joyn his authority with the sons amity and his own curiosity, to make him a companion in this voyage. So they set out from *Galata* in February, 1649. travelled by land to *Smyrna*, and there went aboard the *Talent*, which was bound for *Legborn*, which young *Bendish* resolved to take in his way, with design to see a Sister of his married there to an *English* Merchant and so take his way by *Scanderoon*; but passing by *Porto Longone*, which since the *French* had it, has been the *Dunkirk* of *Italy*, much about the time that the news arrived there of the fatal blow was given to Monarchy in *England*,

land, their Ships was assaulted by divers *French* Men of war, who then took all *English*, without distinction, for enemies; and maintaining a desperate fight with them for some hours, at last an unfortunate Bullet from the enemy happened into their Gun-room and fired the Ship; the heat of the fight would not allow them leisure to hinder it, till it was past hope of extinguishing. Mr. *Bendish* leapt over board and swam to the side of one of the enemies Ships; but they barbarously cut off one of his hands, that had laid hold of the Ships side to climb the Deck; and so sent him to feed fishes: poor Mr. *R.* staid in the Ship, and in all probability perished by the more furious Element; only one Gentleman, called Mr. *L.* escaped, which after the receipt of many wounds, had quarter given him, and was carried to *Porto Longone*; where the danger of his life being past, he was forced to buy his liberty, and returning to *Leghorn* made this relation, the same man is now in *Genova*. Mr. *R.* left behind him at *Galata*, in the custody of his man one *T. M.* two Chests full of rich Drugs, many silver instruments, besides wearing apparel and linnen; 'tis said he left a summe of Money, besides, but of how much, or with whom, is uncertain: only this *M.* is now reputed worth three or four hundred pounds, though before this but in a poor condition, he now serves the Ambassadour. Mr. *R.* left a Shapet of Turkey-Carpets and Hang-

Hangings, which in all probability he designed for *England*, at *Leghorn*.

And now to set aside all those fatherless Stories that fly abroad, as of the loss of all our Armies, Infantry, and Carriages, with the Generals being taken prisoner, &c. the truest and most modest intelligence tells us, that our Army being at *Pinkland-hills*, which is westward beyond *Edinburgh* about eight miles, had notice that the *Scots* Army was risen, and upon their march towards *Sterlings*; which made us presently rise with ours, and with all expedition endeavour to prevent that retreat: the truth is, we did out-march them, but 'tis more than probable they suffered us to do it by design, for they have since taken our station upon *Pinkland-Hills*, so as our Army is now got into such a streight, as they must either fight upon local disadvantages, or endure the extremities of much want in that penurious Country, before they can reach their shipping. The last Post but one said the Armies were drawn up in Battalia in view of each other; but we are not yet suffered to know they have fought, though I am confident there hath been a signal battle, which gives the Malignants high hopes, because our Grandees do think fit to conceal the event of it. Letters from *Holland* speak very partially on the *Scots* side, and talk of a great victory they have lately gotten; Believe what you please of it,

for my part I am something incredulous, because we make no more haste with our supplies thither. We lately seized upon eight ships laden with Merchandise belonging to the *Hollanders* which hath given occasion to the States Ambassadour to complain of it to the House, and call it in very disobliging terms a breach of League, but we hear not yet of restitution. The *spanish* Ambassadour made a passionate complaint to the House of the interception of his Packet, and breaking open his Letters last Week, but he had good words given him, and a promise it should no more be so, only I thought the sparing of Mr. *Ashcombs* murderer hath made us a little angry, and jealous that the *spaniard* professes more friendship than he means. There is a Letter intercepted, from the Prince of *Orange* to the *scots* King, which assures him he has gained his desires upon the refractory *Dutch-men*, and in a short time will be able to send him the succours of men and money which he promised, leaving the time and place to his appointment. Report says, he hath 14000 men, whereof 2000 *German* Horse, ready to be shipped, upon what design none knows: it seems they are raised by contribution from the King of *Danemark*, Queen of *Sweden*, the Marquess of *Brandenburgh*, Landgrave of *Hessen*, with other *German* Princes. The *scots* King has lately made *Inchequin* Generalissi-

neralissi-

neralissimo of his forces in *Ireland*, who with his Army made considerable by the addition of the Garrison-forces of *Dungannon*, *Carlow* and *Waterford*, is now in *Connaught*, and promises himself a successful Winter. It seems he was glad to be rid of those Garrisons, by reason of the plague which rages there, even to the depopulation of whole Towns: and appears by a most pitiful Declaration set out by General *Ireton*, which invites not only his own party, but all Christian nations and the very Papists themselves, to joyn in an humiliation to God for the cessation of judgments upon them.

This being my last that I am like to write from *London*, I have ventured to be the more tedious, and the rather because my short allowance of time hath hardly suffered me to make it sense, but you know lame things are objects of charity, and pity my present indisposition that assisted my precipitate haste to make it so. I dare not say more, lest the Posts departure make me say nothing, and so spoil this Paper riddle that brings you the elder Sister in the belly of the youngest. Dear Brother, farewell.

*Eternally yours R. L.*

13 LETTER



## LETTER LXI.

To Mr. S.

*Monsieur,*

Yours I received, and entertained with better welcom than can be expressed by a faint affection. You confess obligations that are not due, and so run the hazard of being suspected complemental; but I must allow the privilege that ingenuity challenges, and suffer your fancy to create desert for me, that it may show how handsomly it can acknowledge. Experience, the best Mistress, does daily show how to manage my umbragieux with more dexterity, only his uncouth pronounciation makes me sometimes put the bridle on his tail, and he kicks me for the mistake. The *Maistre de Hostel* still keeps his state with the better sort of petticoats, and we our station with the inferiour cattel; which only serves to show you how much I can suffer for my own interest. I am not sorry to hear that you spur your Jade when he kicks, but you ride him with so much skill, that it were presumption to offer counsel. By this time you may think it fit that I should send you your own excuse for bald writing, being fitly applied to my scribbling; besides the faults committed in my *English-French*, which if you will pardon, I will one day travel



travel into your Country on purpose to fetch you better *French*. Present my *Baise les mains* to all our friends &c. *Sarah* writes to you, your friends here salute you; and I kiss your hands that am,

*Monsieur, yours, R. L.*

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LETTER LXII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**A**T last with much ado we are grown Citizens again, where since we lighted, we have scarce had time to prune our feathers; only my haste has snatcht up this piece of a wing to tell you I received yours of the first of *April*, with a resentment raised to a fit height to measure with the tall strong affection that indicted it. I was about to say there was not a word in it but deserved a several welcome: but at the instant I threw my eye upon some praises which I dare not entertain; and if your love had but trusted your judgement, you had left them out; Distance deceives with both extremes by presenting objects to the eye too little; to the apprehension too big: we no sooner begin to

fancy any thing that is not with us, but we presently mend all its disproportions, and shut our eyes upon every blemish, this imperfection is almost as old as Mankind, and few beasts can boast they never harboured it. I have grumbled at my Stars for placing some things beyond my reach which I apprehended would make me happy, and yet I have seen them possessed by those that were quickly weary, & little less than displeased at what I over-valued. But I straggle. This Town is so metamorphos'd by this last Edict since I left it; that bating my dead Companions there is scarce any thing that I can know with safety. Certainly there is a mighty storm arising, but where, when, or how it will spend its fury, I dare not name. Error has humbled my Reason, and unbusied my reaches at futurity, to a quiet resignation to the great Disposer. I cannot say my Malady is more remiss than it was, and I have little reason to hope it ever will be; but for that I told you my resolution, which has since lost no spirits. My trivial employments have not suffered me yet to struggle with it this Spring, but I am now about it. I sent you a Letter by Mr. B. which I believe you have answered; he had carried it with him into *Lincolnshire*, thinking to find me there, for we set upon this journey on a sudden, &c. Let these blots be pardoned. Let me hear from you by the next:

next. Forgive my blind haste and call me

*Yours eternally, R. L.*

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LETTER LXIII.

*To his Sister Mrs. F.*

*My Dear Sister,*

I Had newly taken my Pen to send you a salute, when I was interrupted by a Porter that brought (with some Bands and Cuffs from my Sister *Jane*) your kind Token; & it pleased me that the same hour which puts me deeper in your score should be a witness of my acknowledgement. Believe it I wish my thanks were as restorative as they are cordial; but take them as they are, and if it be possible to apprehend me more yours, than you have done, do it; for it is impossible to be more, than I am. I should be glad I might say these things to your ear, as well as your eye; but *London* finds me too much business to grant me yet so much happiness; my condition still keeps the same countenance, and I am treated with the old indifference. I am not insensible that I here waste my best days without improvement of my Fortunes, but was contented to be no bigger, ever since Preferment was put out of Honesty's reach.

My old trouble still vexes me, and I am again in Physick for it; it has cost me much money, and I think at last it will cost me my life; for the distillation has given me a Cough with a bad presage. Heavens Will be done.

I pray speak my service to my Cousin *W.* my Cousin *H.* with the rest that know me. Let my Sweet-heart know I am still her servant. And if I may serve you in any thing here, my dear sister, command

*Thy entirely affectionate*  
*Brother, R. L.*

## LETTER LXIV.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I** Received yours, and cannot conceal the delight I taste in these delicious repetitions of your intire affection; the true resentment of which when I consent to part with, I desire I might lose that and all my happiness together. I am glad your pen tells me that you like this way of escaping sorrow; 'tis not only the fruits but the end of wisdom, to keep fair weather in the Soul; and I am sure Divinity does not bid our eyes be always melting over a remediless evil;

evil; 'tis not fit that we should suffer one wide-  
mouth'd Woe to swallow all our joys: and  
for my part I am resolved to be never so mis-  
erable, as not to have power to reap an Innocent  
refreshment from the sense of what I possess in  
you: and be assured, that all the power I have to  
make this good is already in your possession.  
Methinks man is not unfitly resembled to a  
stream whose employment it is, to travel from  
its Source to the Ocean: the obstructions that  
affront its passage are the vexations we  
stumble at: which we use like Brooks, utter a  
murmuring complaint at the first encounter, and  
so pass by, but the deepest Currents swim past  
and say nothing. Yesterday I received more  
Physick with instructions from the Doctor,  
which I fear (besides the dissuasions of the wea-  
ther) that the continued agitations of my im-  
ployment here will not permit me to take, till I  
arrive in the Country of *Nottinghamshire*,  
which will be about a fortnight or three weeks  
hence; where I hope to find leisure enough, not  
only to observe his directions with a special  
care, but also to refasten my self to my studies;  
from which, the continued importunity of my  
*London*-employment has kept me so long loosen-  
ed. I shall there have time to improve my  
Physical endeavours, and to thrive I hope in my  
*French* and *Italian*, which I intend to set upon  
with the more industry, because I know not  
how

how soon I may meet with an opportunity to travel, for my allowance here is too small, &c. in the mean time the best recreation my fancy has, is to visit you, and to bring me word (at least by an affectionate presumption) how kind an entertainment you allow the memory of:

*Your entirely Loving Brother*

*to command, R. L.*

### POSTSCRIPT.

*I pray let your next make me happy in the knowledge of your designs; to which if I may be serviceable, no man shall be so happy, as my self.*

*He that cruciates himself because fortune is mischievous clashes with wisdom.*

**LETTER**



LETTER LXV.

To Sir J. P.

Sir,

I Received your lines that came happily to  
confute some doubts, that I was lost to your  
memory: but indeed I could not expect in rea-  
son a gentler punishment for the crime of my  
ill-woven words, than your silence; all I can  
say for my self; it was a sin of ignorance that  
provoked it, & your clear judgement, no doubt,  
found it so; though your goodness allows it a  
better Title. Sir, you have heretofore vouchsafed  
some propriety in me, and I wish I could find  
the way to so much desert, as might perswade  
you, not only to own, but challenge that inter-  
est; from these desires, I but show boldness to  
let you know that I still continue in the same  
condition of a servant to my Lord C. without  
any sensible alteration, either to better or worse:  
indeed if preferment were still the reward of de-  
sert I might blush to want it; but as it is now  
rated, though it were laid at my foot, I think I  
should rather chuse to tread upon it, than stoop  
to take it up. My chains are not so short here,  
but that they give me Elbow-room enough to  
lead a studious life; though I confess the fruits  
I have gathered from them, have been rather  
plea-

pleasant than lasting. I have spent some industry upon languages, which has not altogether been unsuccessful, especially the *Italian* and *French*; from the latter I have translated some pieces, that I am encouraged to publish, but my more serious endeavours (for I call the other but my recreations) have been bent at the study of *Physick*, how prosperously, I am not fit to judge; and though they befriend me no further, I shall think they have done me some service in staying off idleness. But I shall ask pardon for these Impertinences. I beseech you, Sir, present me humbly to your noble Lady, and believe me desirous to appear, what in heart I ever was,

Sit, *Your most humble and faithful*  
*Servant, R. Loveday*

# LETTER LXVI.

*To Mr. W.*

*Worthy Sir,*

I Received yours with the inclosed, and the pound of powder, and with them a perfect confirmation of the opinion I ever cherished of your reality. I wish I could as justly applaud my deserts as my fortune, for the gaining of such a friend; but though I fall short that way, at least I shall be careful not to lose him by ingratitude.

titude. You have given me so clear an encouragement to put more figures to my debt, as I have got the confidence to crave an increase of my obligation, and to desire you to find some vacant hour to deliver this enclosed to my excellent friend Sir J. upon the receipt of it he will, &c. What you laid out for the Powder, or what other charge you have been at in my behalf, either for sending Porters, paying for Letters, going by water, or ought else, I desire, nay I conjure you, you would take out of it, and to send me the rest either to be paid to Mr. D. in *Lincoln-shire*, or by one C. a *Nottingham* Carrier that lies, &c. I am not so hasty of it, but that you may keep it till you have a fair opportunity. Sir, what you have done already, and what you will do, give me leave to mention my hearty thanks, with my resolution never to appear insensible of these favours that bind me, Sir,

*Your faithful Friend*

*and Servant R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. L.

*Sweet Mistress L.*

BESIDES the Civilities I had from you which claim an ample acknowledgement, I remember I tyed my self by promise to kiss your fair hands with a few lines, though all their errand be only to tender you the unfeigned service of the sender, and to mention his wishes for the accomplishment of yours; if the effects of which might but hold a proportion with your deserts, you would be sufficiently happy. I know you are Mistress of goodness enough to pardon the slow payment of my word, and it shall incourage me to amend it with future diligence. You will much oblige to honour me with a line or two, and let me know how the state stands in your Family, and when we are like to bid you welcom into the Countrey. One request more and I have done, put me into the number of those that you count your most faithful friends, for indeed I am, and ever will be so, &c.

R. L.

LETTER

## LETTER LXVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.**Loving Brother,*

I See you will make me an usurper against my will, by laying desert enough to my charge to dazel the Eyes of Pretence, and even stagger the stoutest undertaking resolution. I confess I cannot keep off some wishes, to be what you would make me; and if I could arm, as much power, as desire, 'tis possible I might endanger the Fort, you say I am Master of; and I am content-ed to dislike my own weakness, that I am not so; but I have too much Earth about me to fit my self for such a flight, that with dull inticement is still seducing me downwards to its own Element, and hangs like a huge plummet upon my pinions, when they are stretching at such a pitch: sure some pale flegmatick constellation threw a melancholy look upon my Nativity, & gave my Soul these blunt ill-temper'd tools to work with: methinks I cannot behold the timely advantages of other Constitutions, and not upbraid my own. But certainly 'tis not amiss in some things to be unhappy, for if wants do not ingender despair, they must needs be fruitful. Wisdom is a Coy Dame to all the World, but most inflexible to the Courtship of Fortunes.

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Darlings; and 'tis one of the best reasons why that blind Wenches smiles are dangerous, because 'tis so hard a task to tast her kindness, and not surfeit; and indeed not to overvalue those ingredients with which common opinion compounds her false felicity, is the way to purchase the true one.

If I were able to shew you events as *Astolfo's Logisilla* shewed the race of the House of *Este* before their Conception, I would not hide them from you, though I kept the rest of the world in ignorance; but 'tis long since I left off the pretences to *Delphick* divination, and resolv'd to shut the eyes of my Reason, ever since she look'd through so false a Perspective. Certainly they that are, now, in the Saddle do sit very sure, and while they keep their feet in the stirrups of strength and vigilance, though they may receive a rude shock, it will be hard to unhorse them. I should be glad if you could keep your shelter till the clouds clear up: but whensoever you leave it, you have parts that will make room for you in the World, where-ever you direct your steps, and I shall never take a temporal favour more gratefully of Providence, than a capacity to serve you in such a design, or any other. I am now suffered to say no more but what I must ever say, that I am, and must ever be

*Principally yours, R. L.*

LETTER



LETTER LXIX.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**T**Hough I had a confidence in your affection, that can never be tempted to be less, yet methinks I should not do right to your last, if I did not confess that it set my apprehension to work upon your perfect friendship: things may be incapable of addition that are not of agitation: there are some generous liquors that never give so clear a proof that they have spirits, as when motion calls them to their active task; so these dear repetitions of profest amity from you though they cannot make me love you better, they wake it into a better appearing, and teach me to take a more exact account of my self, of the right you have in me; and these (if you dare believe me) are my pleasantest recreations, since love (the parent and framer of delight) predominates in the employment. If this world be well scann'd, there is nothing valuable in it but a true Friend: Community is not only the hinge of the Universe, but the signet of every single delight; for were it possible to domineer over the whole Earth (pack'd into an entire Monarchy) and to be Master of all that wears the stamp of sublunary happiness, yet if the pos-

fessor be not allowed to latch his own felicity (at the rebound from others approbation) he will but brood his tiresome pleasures, as an Usurer does his Gold, only own, not use them; and all his joys (like Witches banquets) will only seem and serve to cheat the appetite with a few false promises of sweetness. It were easy to prove, that since Communication coins our earthly delight, that there it comes nearest to perfection, where it receives a Copy of it self. By this it is fit you should ghes, how happy I deem my self in your kind invitation, which is backed with abundance of such tempting Arguments, as Love and Reason, when they are joyned in Commission, do use to urge; and believe it, they are received as the legitimate issue of your entire affection. What resentments such use to produce in a breast, that has no harbour for ingratitude, cannot pose your apprehension; by that, fancy the influence they must have in me, and therein read my thankfulness. But the quality of my employment here is such, as I know, it cannot yet consent to make me so happy. I have now almost destroyed a years time in this scurvey Countrey, since we last wandred from *London, &c.* You may find out many reasons to induce you to accept my Cousin C's invitation of your company into *Lincolnshire*; I shall not need to mention my wishes to see you there, nor tell you how happy you

you will make me in such a meeting, for the repetition is needless: if you come while I am on this side *London*, I will enjoy you in spite of all my Fetters; but make as much hast as you can, for this morning my Lord told me, we should set out for *London* in the beginning of *May*. Your Picture I received, and am sorry I have no token to return you, that may deliver a visible message of my gratitude; it is applauded of all that see it, only your Pencil has left out some gray hairs, that the Epilogue of his misfortunes had planted on his visage. I have enclos'd the translation of a mad fantastick Dream, which is the fruit of my first Enterprize upon the *French* Tongue. I met it in a Romance call'd *Francion*; and it pleased me so well, as I was easily inticed to spoil it thus into *English*. I was tempted to make the whole book speak the same Dialect, but could not consent to lose so much time, as the work would have demanded. Read it over, laugh at it, and return it again, when I come to *London*; and now I have almost tir'd my pen and your patience, it is time to subscribe my self, as I ever must be,

*Your truly affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

## LETTER LXX.

To Mr. L.

Sir;

I Received yours, and delivered those inclosed to my two Lords; the younger has in this return'd a reply. Sir, the Report of Mr. *W.* and others, has given you so fair a character, as I shall deem my self happy to inlarge your acquaintance in my Lord's house, and increase the number of your servants. Mr. *W.* if not lately removed is still at *Antwerp*; we do now and then exchange a line or two, though many miscarry. If you will venture yours in mine, I shall do my best to make it reach his hands, for he has right to much more Service than I can do him; we say nothing to one another, but what we care not, if it be construed by the way. If Mr. *B.* once Fellow of *Christs*, be in those parts, I pray speak my service to him. Sir, if I may serve you here in ought else, I desire your instructions, that am

Sir, Your most humble  
Servant, R. L.

LETTER

## LETTER LXXI.

*To Mr. W.**My Dearest Friend,*

**I**F the sky had been clear, and the passage free, your satisfaction had not been so long deferred. The Letters mentioned are irrecoverably lost: whether any busie hand, or prying eye be guilty of their interception, I know not; but though I am confident there was nothing in them that could find work for a jealous construction, yet better judgements concur with my opinion to lose them quietly. What you would say to the other two, if you think fit, speak it to me only, and if I do not get your desires effected, the defect will only be found in my power. You are saluted with much kindness by the Gentleman, and entreated to let him know by your next to me, whether you received a Bill of Exchange of 5 l. which was sent in Compensation of the charges you expended in your visits to the Prisoner; if it miscarried, as he fears, signifie so much, and you shall receive another inclosed in my next. Methinks you are very tardy in showing me, how I may serve you. I must never suffer any to love better; and if you can think, as it is, my trusti-

ness equivalent, spare not to command

*Your own for ever, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXII.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

*Sir,*

**T**He mistake that begot, what you call your trouble, is become mine, and I am much afflicted for being presented to you in an exceptious character by the misapprehension of another; and should be more, if it were no error. Indeed Sir, I have severely examined my self for the words I let fall, that might provoke this gloss, and my memory can acknowledge none but those: When your brother asked me, when I would write to you, I told him you were already in my score for a Letter, and till you had leisure to reply to that, I thought my silence might be well taken. If these words will bear such a Comment, as displeasure, &c. I am sorry I did not understand them, and do beg the charity of your belief, that I did not mean them as they are taken. I have been taught to prize your good thoughts at a higher value, than to forfeit them with such a frantick piece of arrogance, which would render me, as weak an understander of  
your



your worth, as a deserver of your friendship. I was in good hope when we left *London*, if a sudden occasion had not prevented, to pay you my personal thanks for your kind invitation; but we rather dwelt, than visited by the way at my Lord of *Lincolns* and *Westmerlands*, so as we are but newly arrived at *Nottingham*, where my Commanders have found me such employment, as will scarce dispense with my absence on this side *Christmas*; and when I come, though I must bring that along with me, that will give me a better title to your contempt, than admiration, yet I make my self happy with the hopes of an opportunity to assure you, that I am not the same which misinterpretation had made, but will ever be industrious to appear,

Sir, *A true respecter of your worth,  
and an earnest desirer of  
your amity, R. L.*

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LETTER

## LETTER LXXIII.

*To his Sister F.*

*Dear Sister,*

**B**Y this time you have accused my absence and silence of much unkindness, and I stand condemned by your judgement for a forgetful promise-breaker; and indeed did the reins lye loose upon my neck, I should deserve the censure. I confess the receipt of a Letter from you that overflowed with Love; and, if I have not lost all my credit with you, be confident I met it with as high a tide of affection: I should have return'd a Paper to tell you so, but that I cherisht some forward hopes to do the message with more content to us both in person. When yours came, we every day talk'd of leaving *London*, though our stay was prolonged from day to day, above six week after; and when we did, we consum'd as much time in coming down: and thus my ardent desires to see my friends were dallied into torment; and I brookt the delay so much the worse, because I had still a likelyhood in gaze, but now I am forced to wait with an extended patience for a remoter opportunity; for the Lady that I wait upon has got a belly so big, as till that swelling fall, and the thing be made a Christian,

'tis

'tis impossible I should break away. I confess dear Sister, I have been so often forced to deceive your expectations, as you may think I rather make, than suffer these delays; but be assured they have been as unwelcome unto me as your self; and if it be a property of love to desire the presence of the thing beloved, I may claim the restauration of your good opinion, for none is more desirous to see you, than, dear Sister,

*Your perfectly affectionate Brother  
to serve you, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXIV.

*To his Sister J.*

*Dear Sister,*

I Have no other way to express my self to thee but the old one, which is that I am still thy Brother, as well in love as blood. I have contracted nothing from my acquaintance in three years absence that can deface the remembrance of thee and thy deserts; for though the world preaches that Doctrine, it must ever find me unapt to learn the Lesson: and believe it, however you apprehend my condition, I have no inticements here that may help to excuse the forgetting

ting of my friends and kindred ; it is so little impaired or amended, as I must desire you to understand it where it was, only in one respect rather worse by the help of my Malady's increase; how the Divine hand intends to use me by that means, I am uncertain, but will learn to welcome the worst. And now, Dear Sister, I will give thee back thine own frequent expressions; I do impatiently long to see thee and the rest of mine, and cannot fancy the world has a delight that exceeds the pleasure I shall then reap; and whatever you think, I have often fallen out with my narrow fortunes that have thus transplanted me. Well I will set no more times of my coming, lest I be forced, as formerly, to falsifie against my will; but when least expected, 'tis probable I may surprise a welcome, and be restor'd the happiness of appearing what I must ever profess my self, dear Sister,

*Thine own R.L.*

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## LETTER LXXV.

*To his Brother, Maj. W.**Dear Brother,*

**Y**OURS came very welcome to my hands, for it brought me a Present that I have laid up in my breast, I mean the confirmation of your amity; and now 'tis no more a guest, but a dweller; no longer hath a single Lodging, but commands the Mansion, and shall do, till Time demolishes the Fabrick: in requital I represent you with a Copy of it self, or another of the same, and intreat you to keep it, with as fair an allowance of credit, as I shall make it, or at least would have it deserve: and I hope nothing but a summons for one of us to leave the world shall perswade us to draw stakes. But I cannot pocket your praises without despoiling my self of a parcel of modesty that I must not spare. I would tell you they are more due to their Author, but that I hate flattery so heartily, as I scarce dare speak the full truth, lest I seem to design it; in the mean time pray take them back, and keep them or me till I have learned to deserve them. But now after all this, I could almost consent to chide you for representing me to your brother in so unbecoming a character, that has made him charge me in his Letter

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ter with taking offence, unkindness, &c. at his silence of which he has almost made it an entire deprecation; indeed I was not willing to be apprehended so exceptionous, and thus before I am seen, to be known by a Solecism in good manners, was not convenient; and considering how much his worth outweighs me, I ought to have staid his leisure of writing with less impatience, than you have made him fancy: But I apprehend your generous clear ingenuity in it, and that stops my mouth. I pray you give your pen leave to make me acquainted how it is now employ'd, with what kind of gale Fortune kisses your Sails, whether you intend still to anchor there, or to hoist for another Port; and what time you will take to air your ingenuity in *Norfolk*: these Queries are not the children of a bare Curiosity, but of such an affection as must ever render me,

Dear Brother,

*Tours in all requisites of a Friend  
and Servant, R. L.*

LETTER



LETTER LXXVI.

*To Mr. W.*

*My Dear Friend,*

**Y**Our last indearing lines I perus'd with as much delight, as ever love engendred ; I found things there not only worth the reading, but the using ; and, which is not ordinary, gather'd beauty and medicine from the same stalk : I will not be ashamed to confess I have received much assistance from it ; for it was capable to charm the most unquiet thoughts, and to assure the most unsetled and irresolute spirit. By this you may judge it came welcome, though not to welcome me home ; for my *Norfolk*-journey is yet to take, and I think must be perforce defer'd, till the Spring, and so I shall be welcom'd with Nose-gays : the reason is, besides the inclemency of the season, my Lady, &c. I hope my last that gave a particular account to your desires, got safe to your hands ; I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. K. hath done any thing in what I intimated concerning the young Gentleman, &c.

*Your own R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LXXVII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

I Am glad to see you are so well arm'd against your Domestick Enemies, & can pull out the stings of vexation so dexterously: 'tis a Science that comprizes the whole art of living happily; and he that has perfectly learn'd it, is rich in despite of the frowns, and without an obligation to the fawns of Fortune. Discontent is the Gout of the mind, and so much the harder to be cur'd because it is hereditary, and as old as succession in posterity; but if we often repair to the great Physician, he is always able, and for the most part willing, to ease us: though it springs from the wombs of various causes, that are themselves complex'd in the concupiscible and irascible faculties; yet most commonly it proceeds from a surfeit of unsatisfied desires, which run madding after that they cannot have; or if sometimes they chance to overtake it, commonly they are as much tir'd with the fruition, as before perplext with the defect; and like Huntsmen, reap more delight in the game, than the Quarry. But I draw faces with a blunt Coal. We are suddenly resolv'd to morrow without fail to begin our journey to the Bath, and so  
from

from thence almost to the Lands end westward ; which precipitate resolution does almost put me to my wits end, having 'o little Elbow-room of time for preparation: this makes me that I can yet say nothing to the latter part of your Letter ; and when my leisure is largest, my poor abilities will not let me say much to purpose, however I shall stretch them to an equal contribution in that charitable design. My multiplicity of business does you a kindness, and shortens your trouble, by inforcing me to subscribe my self, Dear Brother,

*Tours in the very abstract and spirits  
of affection, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Am advised by many reasons, to copy your content for my nearer approaches, but none so powerfull as what you alledged ; for believe it, I study nothing with more circumspection and delight, than to preserve the perfect heat and health of our friendship from those cold diseases that use to ruine others. I am proud of my friends affection, though not their praises ; yet I  
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could wish (though only to save the credit of their judgements) that the one were as due, as the other. Pray return my service to Mr. S. when you see him next, and tell him I am much in his debt for being preserv'd in his thoughts. I could never be at quiet with a Bookseller, till I promised to make him ready the second Part of *Hymens Præludia* against the next Term; but my short allowance of time will inforce me to huddle it up in such hast, as if I got any credit by the first, I have much reason to fear the second will forfeit it: he offer'd to be at the charge of cutting my own face for the Frontispiece; but I rejected his offer, resolving the World should have no cause to smile at the vanity in putting my Picture to a paltry Translation; but finding him still eager to put a Gay before his Book, I design'd him this which is now a cutting, — Upon an Altar dedicated to Love, divers hearts transfix'd with Arrows and Darts are to lye broiling upon the Coals; and upon one of the steps of it *Hymen* is represented in the habit of a high Priest, with a Mitre on his head, a Censer in one hand, and a Taper in the other, holding it in a posture as if he were going to light it at the Altar; when *Cupid* is to come behind him, and pull him by the Saffron sleeve, with these words proceeding from his mouth, *Nondum peracta sunt præludia*, as much as to say, 'Tis not time to light your Marriage Taper, for  
the

the wooings are not past: which alludes to the unfinished Story, as well by the Authour as the Translator. I should gladly have been oblig'd to you for the Draught, not ignorant what advantages the Cut would have borrowed from your hand, which it now must want; but our scarcity of time could not permit it to stay for so much perfection, and so he that graves it has drawn it, though methinks but unskillfully, &c. If I alter not my intentions, I think I shall dedicate my Book to my Lord C. J. W. is gone to one Sir A. C. in *Cambridg-shire*, near *New-market*, and made me half a promise to visit you at *Barningham* before his return. By this time I have tir'd you most unmercifully with my tedious stuff; but you have learn'd to pardon by oft induring these tricks from, Dear Brother,

*Your really affectionate Brother, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXIX.

*To Mr. R. C.*

*Dear Robin,*

THE now silent Nightingale does not with so much ardor wish for the flowry moneth that gives an harmonious Tongue to his sorrows to deplore *Terens* cruelty, as my soul labours

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with

with the throws of the same desire that thy expectation pants with; for thy love to me, it is celebrated by every thought my heart wears about it with a firm belief, the weakest of which was never spotted with the least suspicion: and for my affection to thee; though the defence is needless where there is neither accusation nor jealousy, yet I dare defie the Witchcraft of Time, the stupifying charms of Absence, the frailty of mine own memory, and all other *Promethean* necessities to forgetfulness, to steal away a spark of that fire of love which thy vertues kindled; and Heaven (to which than pure love nothing can be more acceptable) has refin'd to an Elemental Substance which is neither capable of decay nor change. And though we owe little to Fortune, for suing an unkind divorce betwixt us, yet the influence of her malice had no operation but upon our earthly part, when those more noble disdaining to owe a circumscription to her coy wayward power, I mean our souls ordinary Messengers, have wing'd with love after, and mutually visited by a secret sympathy our intelligential faculties; and sometimes laden with wishes and prayers for one anothers happiness, have met in the Ethereal journey to Heaven, and there congratulated the reciprocation of each others affection.

I have now gain'd an unhappy liberty by the loss of a dear Mother and the cold unbribed hand

hand



hand of Death has cancell'd that obligation of duty, which I did owe, and to my power paid her. The World will therefore shortly be my large home, and the enjoying thy Company my delightfullest repose; and till we shall again compleat our contract, I shall truly rest

*Thy most affectionate but unsatisfied  
Friend, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXX.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**H**AD not my employment made me a just excuse, my saying nothing would have been more criminal, than bad language; neglect in friendship being less pardonable, than injury, because 'tis harder to bring up coldness to a just temper, than to bring down anger; a fever being much easier to cure, than a Lethargy. At my return to *London* (for I have been all this time in the *Countrey*) I found no less than three of your obliging Letters together, in which I read such an access of affection, and that so pure and so near approaching to perfection, as, if I did not find something in my own breast of the same stamp and impression, I should give you the

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prize

prize of friendship from all men yet, that ever struggled for it. 'Tis not a bare speculation of things in their causes and effects, nor a notional penetration into the Pedigree of every single Essence can render a man wise, without an apprenticeship of use and practice : so to be able to define friendship, to know her just basis and true centre, her constitution, temper, object, & end, will not all make a true friend, unless that knowledge (after a fit choice) can make its way through the affections into such proofs, as either necessity or occasion shall dictate : That you have both the contemplative and the active part, has appeared, not only to my opinion, but experience, and will never want a place in my memory, and shall always be a task for my Industry both to pattern and requite. I am most sensibly afflicted at my poor Sister J's Feaver ; and though I even fear to know how it stands with her, yet I pray put me out of my pain, as soon as possible : in the meantime I shall not fail to sollicit Heaven in her behalf, which is the best assistance I can lend her. My Lords only Son and Heir is newly arrested with the same Malady, which I believe will make us remove for *Lincoln-shire* next week. I pray present my hearty thanks to the Doctor for bestowing his Receipt upon me ; this day I intend, God willing, to make it. Let your next tell me, whether my Nephew *Anthony* spake of a Letter I sent him, with a Book, wherein was inclosed

closed another to my Unkle. This Feaver is grown almost Epidemical in the Countrey, and the small Pox here, &c. Well, my dear Brother, I am

*Tours and will be so, in all places, times, qualities, conditions, &c. R. L.*

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LETTER LXXXI.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Am resolved to keep our intercourse alive though scarcity of subject, and barrenness of ingenuity allow it but course fare with friendship: 'tis Term-time all the year, and when it grows weary of sealing alternate Writs, it becomes a burden to it self; like a sickly stomach, perverting that into humour, which should convert into *Chylus*. My cloud that our last parting exhal'd, is not yet dispel'd; which for the same thing does both accuse and excuse me, indicating the imbecillity of Reason, and strength of Love; but necessity is the daughter of fate, and her Laws are indispenfible. I confess, resolution drawn from reason cannot fortifie my soul so strongly, but sometimes the battery of this malady makes a breach wide enough for anguish to

enter: but since I cannot overthrow it by encounter, I am resolv'd to evade it by diversion, and no more to invenome my wound, by handling it, &c. I do passionately wish far more power, that I might encrease my happiness by it in serving you: but I fall short in every thing but affection, which makes, and will preserve me

*Eternally yours, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXXII.

*To Doctor B.*

*Dear Doctor,*

**I** Perceive by an hint in Mr. H. his last, that the Carrier has been the miscarrier of two Letters that were level'd at your hands, and seduc'd by his neglect to an irregular motion; if Chance ever yet conducts them to their Centre, they will tell you the same that this has Commission to say, though perhaps in another dress: like several Structures, that express variety of shape and contrivance, though they derive their pedigree from the same Quarry and Architect. And now D. D. I am sorry I was never so great a Favourite of Fortune or Nature, as to raise any just pretence to the tribute you speak of; all that I dare claim is but the due to such

a friendship as you have character'd and drawn so lively, as it would bring the most unapt soul in love with the love that feeds it. In the mean time I can give no precedency to those wishes of yours that would cut off the large distance betwixt us, since I have some of the same mould and making of an equal ardor; but since necessity votes them down, do but send *H.* to *London* as oft as I shall *L.* to *H.* and we need not court a dispensation of her severe Laws for a meeting. Pray mention my due respects to your vertuous Bedfellow, Mr. *H.* honest *C. B.* and the rest that know me, and to do him the right (*cujus pectori nunquam decedat amicitia vespere surgente, nec rapidum fugiente salum*) to let him keep the same place in your affections that will ever continue,  
Dear Doctor,

*Immortally yours, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXXIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**M**Y last weeks failing was not because I did not write: but I think my woman was drunk

drunk that usually calls for my Letters, and so let the last lie like a dead Commodity in my hands, resembling some insects here, that are born, live, and die, to no purpose. I shall not have room enough in this to raise a bank against the overflow of your unmerited praises, and confute the height of your esteem, as I ought: but it shall be my task to make the best use of them, and make that my mark which you have made my Quarry; for since they are not Essences, as your good opinion would have them, 'tis but fit I should keep them by me here, as Idea's for imitation. I know not the constitution of your Interests where you are, and therefore cannot judge whether they be healthful or sickly, only I know your ingenuity is so well tempered with Judgement, as you need no assistance at the forge of your own fortunes; all then I have to do in relation to that, is to wish all your hopes prophets, and your fears impostors. I know not what to say to the Bark you spoke of, because I am ignorant how she is built, and therefore can give no opinion whether she be worth the manning: but 'tis yours and not mine that must either keep you ashore, or set you aboard; in the meantime methinks her Lading is not inconsiderable, especially being to be coupled with your industry. I delivered your Letter to Mr. *M. W.* who resents your well exprest affection very kindly, and desired me to give it you so  
with



with his service. I need not say more of my virtuous Friend Mr. *W.* than you find, or at least may apprehend, by judging what he is, by what he says; and believe it, he is no dissembler. There was nothing but my haste in fault, that I did not acquaint you with the contents of my Sister *J's* Letter, and therefore you might have spar'd that excuse for breaking up her answer: there is nothing in it but you are equally concern'd in with my self; and were your Interest less, I never had cause to think a secret less safe in your breast, than mine. I hope I need not conjure you by all that here is dear betwixt us, to strain your endeavours in *J's* behalf, who has deserv'd so well of us all: her other Friends that approve Mr. *B's* Propositions may perhaps look no further, than the Bark; but I know you will not content your self with likelyhoods and appearances, without a subtil and solid penetration into true Beings and Realities; & I shall never doubt that metal, that comes with approbation from your touch-stone, &c. My Messenger stays for my Letter which posts me to a period. Dear Brother,

*Ever yours with all my  
heart and soul, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LXXXIV.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

*Dear Brother,*

**T**Hough you owe me for a Letter, yet I am so much in your debt for things of greater value, as I cannot be unwilling to lessen the engagements, though such petty payments are like to wipe out but little of the score. I have ventur'd to send you by this bearer the mis-shapen issue of my idle hours, hatch'd at such sittings when my wanton Genius was too lazy to follow the pursuit of more serious studies. I confess it has some deformities which I am not guilty of, I mean gross faults escaped in the Press, which you will easily find and amend, if you lose so much time as to read it over; but if you think it unworthy, you are of my mind, and may bestow it on some that does not exact from himself so weighty an account of his hours. I have no more to say but what I must ever say,

*Your really affectionate Brother  
to serve you, R. L.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

*To Mr. R. W.*

*Sir,*

I Cannot suffer the Fate of my former Letters to discourage me into silence ; for if but one escapes Ship-wrack, it will do the business of the rest, and tell you all that they treated of (though with less variety) which is, that I am perfectly yours: and till you find out some command that may ingage my pen to some other discourse, I must still only talk upon the same subject. You know I was never prone to meddle with news ; but now it is forbidden with a penalty, I hug my aversion. The other day I casually met this inclosed page in a Pamphlet, and though it was directed to a Gentleman I know not, yet being dated from *A.* and subscribed with *R. W.* I ghes'd your acquaintance Mr. the Author; if you have interest enough in him to wish him well, let him see it for his future caution : if I be mistaken, I hope the error will find an easie pardon. I have not yet been long enough in *London* to give you account of your Eastern friends, I hope my next will do it. I must still repeat my desires, that you will use me while I am here, for I must ever be

*Entirely yours, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER LXXXVI.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Should be as unwilling to be overpriz'd, as undervalu'd, since every man is oblig'd to preserve, as strict a guard of modesty, as courage. There are some species of vertue (according to Moralists) though they all aim at the same mark and agree in their end, yet in their operation are so vastly discrepant (not to say contrarious) as they are scarce compatible in the same subject: and thus (unless the œconomy of our selves be very cautiously manag'd) to con one vertue throughly, is to forget another; nor can there be an higher proof of wisdom, nor is man ever so exact a Microcosme, as when, in imitation of the Elements, opposite qualities are equally mingled to a just temperament, and so tame themselves to a perfect harmony. But to return to yours; had the Frontispiece of it been drawn by another Pen, it would have been constru'd Complement; but from you I give it the usual reception, and only believe (though the expressions much overtop me) Love guided your hand when you set down those mistakes. To judge aright is a task so difficult, as they that come nearest (bating things demonstrative) may be

be rather said to fancy, than attain it; especially every man being subject (at least sometimes) either to opinion, passion, or partiality, great enemies to a clear Judgement: but I shew the weakness of mine, by tiring you with these un-necessaries. This week contributes little satisfaction to your appetite of news, &c. But I out-run the Constable:

Dear Brother,

*Unconfinably yours to  
serve you, R. L.*

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LETTER LXXXVII.

*To Mr. E.*

*Good Landlord,*

I Received a Letter from our Friend, inclosed in one of Mr. Hs, by which I perceive he found it unsafe to abide in a place so unworthy of his residence; 'tis a sad world, that your treacherous Ocean should only rage with such storms as threaten wrack to none but the vertuous and deserving; but you had the advantage of me, and had a taste of his society, which I pine for, but love you not so ill to grudge it: he tells me you are suddenly to remove to *Bristol*, which renders me (though sensible of my own loss, in the discontinuance of our friendly intercourse) truly glad.

glad for the advancement of your condition, I never found it a difficult task to make my own interest do homage to my friends felicity, which if you purchase, I will taste the fruit of my own well-wishes. For my Trunk, I desire you would use the means to send it down to my Landlords in *Holborn*, I will write to him to pay for the carriage. My true love and respects to my good Landlady and Mrs. *B.* with the rest, and if ever my affairs carry me near *Bristol*, you shall see you are not forgotten by

*Your true Friend, R. L.*

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## LETTER LXXXVIII.

*To Mr. W.*

*Sir,*

**T**Hough this shall run the hazard of missing the way to your hands, yet I cannot content my self only to remember you, without indeavouring to tell you so. I received yours dated the fifteenth, the last of *May*, which pain'd me with no little regret that *M. R.* finds his affairs in so bad a condition, and my judgment of them so erroneous. I have not yet left admiring the last rare proof of your affection, nor reproaching Fortunes spight that would not let me



me tell you how tenderly I resented it. I am not friends with our fruitless residence here, when I consider how I might serve you at *London*, and I blush to think how little I have performed to deserve your ingenuous acknowledgments; and my remote abode does now increase my despair of mending those faults. I am not able to tell you how well I love you, for I have it, better expressed within than I am able to utter: but of this be assured, I would not be master of all my other wishes on condition not to render them serviceable to yours, whose joys and griefs shall be inseparably twisted with those of

*Your unalterable friend, and faithful  
servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER LXXXIX.

*To Mr. H.*

*Sir,*

I Am sorry for the first impediment your pen acknowledges, *viz.* the want of good news; for the second, you must give me leave to imitate yours, and play with it, for even my own imperfections do delight me when they make you merry. Your profession of a ragged garb is but a modest disguise of your inward bravery: and  
M thus

thus you go backward in your own esteem, that you may take the further leap into others; thus being over lavish in my commendations, you are too much a niggard in denying your own abilities. Mrs. B. is nothing so much beholding to your pleasant humour as my self, for it has created her an unworthy servant, and made me a very deserving Mistress before I thought of it; but I believe distance and absence will conspire to continue it still a jest, as sure you meant it; however Sir, notwithstanding you forbid it, I must renew the profession of my engagements to you, and do but wish for so much power as may make you find that the reality which you suspect the complement of

*Your truly affectionate friend  
and Servant, R. L.*

## LETTER XC.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

**W**Hat you are pleased to miscall extravagancies of your Pen, are better construed by him that receives them, who never reads these welcome repetitions and confirmations of your amity, but (referred to that) he boldly concludes

cludes himself happy in spight of all the affronts of Fortune, and defects of Nature; by this you may ghes how deeply you may oblige me in being still so extravagant. You had not been last Week unsaluted if an accidental emergency had not snatcht my Pen out of my hand, and alarm'd my obedience to an indispenfable imployment (imposed by the commands of those I serve) which swallowed all the time that offered the opportunity. I hope my Sister *I.* received my last Weeks Letter, which had layen three or four days by me ready written, or else she had missed as well as you. I am contented she should think me willing to the matrimonial bargain she has made, and am sorry my inforced absence has rendred me incapable of disposing my endeavours to serve a person I love so dearly, in an affair of so much importance; though since you condescended to accept the Province of treating & concluding in her behalf, my confidence in your caution and Prudence tells me, that a'l other assistants would be superfluous and supernumerary. I am extremely melancholy'd at your dilated resolutions of seeing *London*; and the rather so, because I fear we shall spend the two following Terms in the Countrey, and so miss the happiness of your society. I have not yet received so much as a tittle from the Lord *C.* when I do, you are sure to have a sudden account. You will oblige Mr. *W.*

to inquire of his friends present condition and welfare. I have here inclosed his little token to you, the stone may boast a very antient pedigree between his birth and his present being; the face was intended for one of the *Roman* Emperours, but whether the hand was happy that grav'd it, is best refer'd to your judgment. Let me intreat you to pay my respects as they are due to all my friends you shall encounter in your voyage, especially at *L. hall*. If I may have the opportunity of writing once more before you set forward, I will venture to trouble you with a book or two to *L.* and my Nephew. When you next see *Mr. P.* pray return him my respects proportion'd to his civilities. I have much sorrow for my poor sister *W.* and as much wonder at her husbands silence, from whom I have not received a line this half year. Present me very kindly to my Cousin *W.* and tell him since he lik'd the first part so well, if I knew how to send it he should have the second. But I have made no conscience of tiring your patience: pardon all my faults, and believe me, Dear Brother,

*Your own to honour, love, and  
serve you, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XCI.

*To his Cousin, A. L.**Dear Cousin,*

**T**Is time to recover my credit, that I doubt almost languishes in your esteem, through the slow performance of my promise. But sure you have goodness enough to make the interpretation gentle, and I hope faith enough to believe what I profess, without a spot of Complement, that I am to you all that you can desire in affection, though less than what I passionately wish to be in the proofs of it: would my occasions have allowed time enough, I should have ventured fair for the best of Titles, I mean a Peacemaker between you and your Father-in-law; but that was denied by the severity of my affairs, requiring more time than I was master of; and indeed treaties of that nature are better let alone, than not perfected. I know not how your Mother interprets my forbearance of an expected visit, but I fear unkindly; though indeed only these considerations, and not any coldness of affection to her, would have it so. Well, if you want any thing that *London* affords within the reach of my poor power, I am here to serve you; for, take my word, I desire nothing with

more ardour, than to appear as I am, Sweet Cousin,

*Your truly affectionate Unkle  
and servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER XCII.

*To Mr. G.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Am once more grown into a condition to claim your promise of correspondence, and shorten the distance betwixt us, by a literal intercourse. Upon Saturday night we reacht the Bath; and as if the Heavens intended to inure us by degrees to what we went for, we were bath'd by the way by an almost continued rain; thus against our wills imitating natures method in the conduct of her master-piece, Man, to his perfect growth; first she teaches him to creep, then go, and so forward: so we began with drops, and are now succeeded to Fountains, but whether those will (like *Bethsaida's* Pool) cure our Diseases is yet an Embryo in the womb of Time, when their own resolutions are better known to themselves, perhaps like the nature of weighty things they may descend to me, however to give you my ghes, I think we are travelled to the West like a Winters Sun, where our stay will take



take up more than our voyage; and to make the Simile run upon more wheels, all the days I stay here will be as tedious as so many long nights without sleep. Present me cordially to my Brother, and tell him, if I thought I should not lose my labour, he should not receive them thus by a glance, but by a level point-blank from my pen. You may assure *Polycarpus* I have no more leaves to take, unless he will give me leave to wish his wit may never shrink in the wearing, nor his mirth in the wetting, so long as he has use for them. If you can, let me feel how the great pulse beats, and preserve me in your belief, as I am, Sir,

*Your most affectionate  
friend, R. L.*

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## LETTER XCIII.

*To Mr. G.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Had sooner given you a receipt for your last, if the motion of my head would have given my hands the liberty; for since our arrival here, my Lord and I, like *Don Quixot* and his *Sancho*, have done nothing but seek adventures, visiting all the Towns of remark, and enchanted Castles we

M 4

could

could hear of, as if we intended to give the World a more exact Geography in the place, and mend *Camdens* Map of the County: only we have charg'd no Windmills yet, nor any thing else but his purse. We are now issuing out upon a second enterprise upon *Bristol*, but I think we shall quickly finish that adventure, unless we meet with some distressed Damosels. The I's and No's you speak of, put them and their power all together, I think spell nothing but *I Nose*. I would fain live to see the day that the sweet singer may have cause given him to set his Psalms to the Tune of *Lacrymæ*, first hang up his Harp and then himself, for an imitable example to the whole Congregation in the Chappel: methinks the Members falling out about the reckoning upon the Marriage day of their new authority expounds the Fable of the *Lapithes* or *Centaurs*; make you the construction. We are now in a Town where most of the people get their bread by their water, I mean, the Bath; and to strengthen the Paradox, those that never knew how to govern themselves are yet guides to others. Of a City 'tis doubtless the prettiest of *England*, in a double sence, as it is little and handsome. Most of the inhabitants live the life of fishes in Summer and Flies in Winter, for then they have nothing else to do but sleep in their crannies. He that comes of the best house of the *B.* — is come to Bath, and we drank your health yesterday.

Present

Present me as is due to all ; but 'tis time to make  
an end, and call my self, Dear Sir,

*Yours perfectly to his  
power, R. L.*

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LETTER XCIV.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Am very glad your Ague has once more taken his leave, in a double respect, because it has released you at present, and (in all likelihood) of future troubles, at least remov'd them to a remote distance ; it being the property of those concussive maladies, (resembling a friends reproof or a Parents correction) to trouble the body into amendment, and pinch health into a greater purity : and indeed methinks the turns of health and sickness, like the vicissitudes of joy and grief, while they overflow not their banks, are not only tolerable, but sometimes necessary ; no Halcyon day so pleasant, as that which succeeds the precedency of a lowring morning. Your decoction no doubt was very safe, and the admixture of *Diagridium* and *Sal absinthii* not improper ; but believe it, this constant taking away the bran by an artificial Sive, does but tye the

the hands of nature, which if let loose and at liberty, no doubt would do it better her self: health hastened by a Physical assistance is like fruits ripen'd by artificial glasses, which are neither so fair to the eye, grateful to the taste, nor so lasting as those that stay the leisure of time for a genuine maturity, and I am confident that a good Diet, moderate Exercise, and a merry heart, are the most severeign Remedies you can take to perfect your recovery. My Brother *W.* came hither on *Thursday* last, and parted hence for *Oxford* on *Tuesday*, his Brother the Major keeps him company in the Journey; he excused it that he did not visit you by the way, and is resolv'd to mend his fault in his return, which I believe will be about *Tuesday* next; I think we sent your Ague to flight by drinking your health. I pretend not to any confidence, or indeed belief of what my last told you in reference to news, but rather take it as the child of some single conjectures, that are ever limning likelihoods of what they would have, and conceiting themselves into their pristine happiness; yet I will not swear that all is Apocrypha. I am acquainted with a Welch Prophet here, one *E.* which seldom dreams without a Revelation or sleeps without a Vision as he calls them, who tells the world of a sudden return of Monarchy to its old bias, and has been so saucy to petition our grand Council to bring home *Charles Stuart* to

to his English Throne, and threatens their disobedience with an utter destruction; yet this man has not only escap'd hitherto with impunity, but they say is privately cajol'd by some Starrs of magnitude: it is true his former predictions have been strangely credited with events, as the death of the King, the lifting the Lords, *Effix* and *Fairfax* successively to the Generals place, the downfall of Presbytery, and dissolution of this Parliament, which he hit to half an hour: but I suppose you have seen most of this in his Books: if you have them not I will send you them next week bound in one: for my part I read them for nought but sport, but he is not half so much laugh'd at, as he was at first. I did intend to put out my Letters next Term, but I see I shall be hinder'd by a sudden resolution my Lord and Lady have lately taken, to make a journey to the Bath, and so from thence into *Devonshire* and *Cornwall*, to visit two Sisters of my Lords, which are there richly married. Present me duly to all my friends; and preserve me in your affection as I do you, that am (dear Brother)

*Indispensably unreservedly*  
Yours, R. L.

LETTER

## LETTER XCVII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

IF this ample interval and vast intermission that has insensibly crept between our last correspondence, had not on my part been constrained by the invincible and indispensable laws of Necessity, I should affix an Apology to the forehead of my Letter for neglect, and torment my head to excuse the offence of my heart; since he that can take commission from his own sloth, to let fall the thread of a friendly intercourse, betrays a lassitude and a languor in his amicable resentments, and is no better than the shell of a friend, that would be thought to hide what he has not. I am now freshly return'd from the *English Scythia*, viz. *Cornwal*, which entertain'd us as the land of *Canaan* did the *Israelites*, with all that plenteous variety which was complex in the general terms of Milk and Honey, &c. But really I found as little correspondence betwixt them and *London*, or any of the Eastern parts, as if they had been as well of another Nation, as Language; and venturing some Letters twice or thrice in vain by a lame Post, in which Packets still something to you, and finding they all fell short of the marks they aim'd at, I sat  
down



down half angred into an obstinate resolution of adventuring to say no more to my friends, till I could do it with greater assurance; which made some of my intimate acquaintance in *London* to conclude me dead or sick; and their conjectures were not altogether so wide as I could have wish'd them; for I scarce enjoy'd one well day in ten Weeks absence. At my arrival I met the deplorable news of my dear sister *W's* death, which has afflicted me beyond expression, as well in reference to my loss in her, as to the poor boys she has left destitute of a discreet and indulgent Mother. I pray let me know by the next missive without fail how the condition of our family is stated, in relation to the health and affairs of those persons that compose it, especially your self, who ever led the Van to the whole World in my wishes, &c. I have now nothing more to speak, but my desire that you would pardon my haste, with the faults it commits, since my time is too penurious to allow me a present circumspection. Expect an amends in my next, and continue me still in your thoughts, as I am, Dear Brother,

*Sincerely, solemnly, unreservedly*  
*yours to serve you, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XCVI.

To his Aunt H.

*Honoured Aunt,*

Should I suffer oblivion as well as my self, to swallow your last excellent entertainment, besides the proof of my own ingratitude, I should silently accuse your goodness for misplacing it self upon a subject so unworthy; give my Pen then leave to return you what I can, my true thanks, since what I would is beyond the reach of my power. I should willingly give you fewer words, could I make my deeds Rhetorical; for though acknowledgment seems the cheapest kind of requital, yet could I find out the other way, I should ease my self of many passionate wishes that have yet been lost upon mine own inabilities; but I dare go no further in this subject, lest circumspection to speak all the truth, should make all look like complement. I was lately importun'd by a friend of mine, to give him my opinion, whether *H.* would not be a fit place to set up an Academy for the breeding of young Gentry, in all such qualities as pass in the opinion of the world for Ornaments: he professes to teach the French, Italian and Spanish Tongues, Mathematicks, the use of the Globe, besides Latine and Greek, and

and I am confident will prove no Mountebank in any thing he undertakes, for I dare speak him one of the most compleat Gentlemen of this age; but I suspended my opinion of the design, till I knew yours, by which if approv'd I shall render mine with the more confidence, because I know your Judgment so little acquainted with error, as it seldom misses to miss of it. Dear Aunt, if you vouchsafe to give me a line or two how you relish it, he shall steer his course accordingly, and I shall range it among those favours that have made me your desperate debtor, but, dear Aunt,

*Your most humble and faithful  
Servant, R. L.*

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LETTER XCVII.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

*Dear Brother,*

BESIDES the desert of your kind expressions, which call'd to a slow hand for a reply, I am hinted by the news of my Sisters safe delivery to wish you as much joy in your young Son, as if the present hopes in him were already ripen'd to their future perfection, and expectation were chang'd into assurance. I know not whether  
you

you shew'd more skill in the diminution of your own, or extolling my deserts, in the first act put on the face of modesty, in the second of kindness; and fighting with such Weapons, she cannot chuse but triumph. I dare not enter the lists that way; but if an honest heart that speaks plainly and means well, that takes care to preserve its own simplicity from such mixtures as will harm it, I have it for you, and will keep it so. Present my dear respects to my Sister, and tell her, I wish you may make her Mother to a numerous off-spring, on condition they may all prove as so many accessaries to the Parents happiness: by that time this is like to reach your hand, perchance the guests and gossips may be assembled at the Christening, to each of which, if I know them, I beseech you Sir, present me as is due: I cannot chuse but mention honest Mr. H. Mr. B. Mr. D. &c. So oft as your Pen gives me a taste of your welfare, I relish much happiness; for Sir, believe it, you cannot lose any confidence upon my affection, that desires to appear to you,

*All that is requisite in perfect Amity  
and Service, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER XCVIII.

*For Mr. J. E.**Sir,*

I Received your last, with your thanks for those blots, whose ill contrivance may rather summon my own blushes, than your acknowledgment: all the disposal I will challenge in the noble proffer of your heart, is still to reserve him a harbour there, who is never so angry with his Stars unkindness, as when he considers he can pay down no greater earnest of desert for these favours, than a few cheap words. Sir, I know no greater encouragement to any indeavour, than obedience to your Commands; for which the employment it self would be an ample recompence, and I should reap a plenteous Harvest in the very tillage. I know you are all thirsty of happy news, but this week affords not a drop to quench it: you have not deserv'd to be cheated with hopes for realities, nor do I think it fit to send you Conjectures for Positives. The strongest incounter with our fears is given by the &c. what that may produce, I leave to the steadier balance of your Judgment. Our expectations have been so oft, ike the early blessings of a forward Spring, betrayed to the tyranny of a following Frost, that I am resolved

N

mine

mine shall bud no more, till the uneclipsed Sun shall chase keen winter before his victorious rays, &c.

R. L.

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LETTER XCIX.

To Mr. R. W.

*My dearest Friend,*

I Received those lovely Copies of a vertuous and knowing soul in the last lines, with such a gladness, as none but you, that had power to create it, can fancy: this Paper will not hold the description, and therefore think it but the result of an affection so simply pure, as has long since left off the capacity of growth and decay, and then you have it. You do well to say we cannot be divided; for the remotest corner of the Earth cannot hide you from me, and even at such times when I know not where you are, I visit you; you have put such sweetness, and yet so much gravity in your words, as I know not whether I am more ravish'd or instructed, and have much ado to scape self-love, because I am so lov'd, though I do more than like the Character of dispositions, observation of national propensions and proper distempers, your tracing the footsteps, skilful reading upon the decay'd



cay'd Skeletons of Antiquity, with the richim-broidery of a clear judgment upon all; yet when such a Bee flies among Flowers, I cannot wonder if she carries home store of Honey; when so active a fancy encounters such apt materials to frame Idea's, 'tis not strange if she brings rich ladings to the understanding. But above all, my dear Friend, I must remember to thank you for those sweet and candid insinuations of Piety and Vertue which with a cunning affection you gently communicate, by presupposing that I have them already; & thus your skill and kindness combine to interweave delight and profit, and conspire my happiness. Well, could I but take my visible Example where I had my Precept, the Lesson would be less difficult, and I sooner shap'd to your mind; for though I strive to love as perfectly as possible, yet I dare not think my self qualified enough to deserve such a Friend, &c.

*Eternally yours, R. L.*

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## LETTER C.

To———

*Madam,*

I Cannot pocket your excellent lines without expressing my own unhappiness in aspiring to  
N 2 what

what I should only have been contented to admire: had I but gaz'd, and then given over, the impression had not gone so deep, and I might have outworn the wound; but it was too hard a task to begin to understand you, and not suffer Love to undo me with ambition. Had my eyes only betray'd me, and your face and feature ty'd on my chains, I might have trusted time and absence for a Cure, and read for it in the variety of other cheek that are white and red; but 'tis your diviner part has charm'd me, that soul of virtue and discretion that guided your Pen, took me prisoner: nor can I hope a release from Reason, since Reason it self is a fellow-captive with the rest. I confess I am stagger'd as well as you in my resolution of seeing of you no more, and sorry I did not except Visits, when I forswore Addresses; but 'tis in your power to interpret the Oath with that condition; and though more reviews cannot mend the sculpture of your Image in my heart, nor a perpetuity of absence deface it, yet I could willingly (before the wind carries me away) take encouragement from you once to see the dear cause of my unpitied sufferings; which you may safely grant, because I re-inforce my promise to let alone that subject that so much offends you, and torments your servant. I should now endeavour to confute the modest injury you have done your own defects, and tell you how your striving to extinguish

guish increas'd the ardour, that you vainly bestow the title of Candour and sincerity upon the same thing you scorn, or at least misprize: besides, I should gratefully mention the cruel charity of your wishes, that would have no thought of your self disquiet me, which you know is impossible; but this would be to answer your Letter, and coldly to dispute, which my present transport will not allow: well, though you have raced it out, I must ever fasten the Epithet of Loving to the title of

*Your Eternal Servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER CI.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**Y**Our last undated Letter I receiv'd last night, and perus'd the well-woven variety in it with so clear a delight, as it resembled the Suns victorious glory in a Cloudy morning, dispelling the mists of melancholy which has lately got a trick to sit something heavy on my dull spirit; but I am resolv'd to rowse it: How Sr. J. has digested my mistake, and the stupid effects of it, I know not, nor do I much disturb my thoughts about it, for he has parted with much

of his Candor, if he does not resent true affection in it, (though ill exprest ) It is not in my power to overvalue your last kindness, such cordial condescensions in a true Friend being (like the greatest number in Arithmetick) impossible to be exprest; and had my will a power adequate, you would soon see the requital would much surmount the acknowledgment. I suppose my last (if it escap'd the danger of so long a journey) told you, that I am now a Patient to one Mr. D. whose Physick I still daily take, (though yet with little apparent success;) but he is confident, and therefore I do not despair; however if you have a *Recipe* from Dr. B. of some sovereign *Lotium*, it will be gratefully welcome. I am inveictive against cruel Interest, and do upbraid my narrow condition that will not suffer me to meet you at *Norwich*, (so much love being the inviter, and would fain be the Guest) but my Chain is not long enough to reach so far, and (till opportunity grows ripe) I am loth to break it; I will therefore content my self to wish your meeting happily divided betwixt success and delight.

I cannot disapprove the Character of the Gentleman, and not be Cynical; only I could have wish'd (for my Sisters sake) that his mind had not held more of his Treasure; but it seems, affection makes her willing to accept of an *Utopian* Venture. The joys are confess'd more purely

purely genuine that wait at those Nuptials, where Love makes the match and not interest; but this age is sway'd with such a blind injustice, that it even forces a bias upon the most prudent virtue. Indeed I always observ'd in her a discreet foreseeing Providence, while she stood at the stern of her own Cock-boat. In which, (if he does match her as well as in affection) no doubt but the bigger bark of their family will be well Pilotted, and so by a joint Industry their stock daily increased. I do exceedingly applaud the solidity of your caution, in making sure of that sum; but if I were able to advise better (as I am not) it would be fruitless, since you know with resolution all counsel is incompatible. This day I wrote to my Sister J. and inclosed it in one to my Sister F. wherein I do (not without much regret) acquaint her with my unfortunate failing in her behalf, though I stirred in it with as much dexterity both of mind and body as was possible; but the main cause of our failing was, that I knew not the opportunity soon enough. I am not now in so good a condition to serve my Cousin C. as I was when my Lord of *Lincoln* resided at *Tattershall*, within four miles of his Uncle; for now he is come to *Sempringham*, much more remote, where I think he will winter; so as I do much upbraid my own negligent omission to see him before I came from thence

to *Haughton*, though I was fool'd into it by a promise of my Ladies, to return thither in ten days, though we have already worn out the tedious Age of six Weeks in this unfrequented Cave: nor do I look for a sudden deliverance from this solitary confinement; but indeed it is not much unsuitable with my present disposition, which can relish nothing delightful, till I get rid of this deplorable trouble; but when we return into *Lincolnshire*, it shall go hard, if I break not prison for one day to see the old *Midas*, and then I shall not forget to urge what you hinted concerning the &c. Excuse the extravagancy of these inconsequent diversions, and expect method when health bequeaths me a more fixt temper; but you should never be thus assaulted with the sallies of these petty discontents, if you were not perfectly confided in, and peculiarly lov'd by

*Your most faithfully affectionate Brother  
to command, R. L.*

## LETTER CH.

*To Mr. J. P.*

*Dear Jack,*

**I** Am sorry thou couldst not carry health out of Town; but here is never a shop that sells that Com-



Commodity : I hope it waited in the Country, to welcome thee home ; for if well-wishes may make thee well, I have redeemed it for thee, and thou art restored to its possession. My pawned promise is redeemed by this inclosed, which though it be too plain to be precious, I would be loth to forfeit it to a Friend. I prethee intreat sweet Mrs. *Mary* and thy self, not to spoil these course lines with expectation. My haste has done it too much already, they being the deformed issue of a few minutes stoln from my serious occasions ; but if my mistake did not miss your directions, I have not shot much wide of the design. My belief has been so often abused with news, that I am resolved not to adventure the cheating of thee with some unwilling falsehood. Let me injoyn the happiness in my behalf to kiss Mrs. *M's* fair hand, and lay the presentation of my Service at her foot, and let her know that if the dull performance of this first has not discouraged her bounty in bestowing further commands, I question not but to give her a better taste of my zeal to serve her. In the mean time, honest *Jack*, if it requires it, I commit thy peccant body to belly-racking discipline of thy gilded Pills, but thy mind and senses to the sovereign Cordial of her precious Society, and rest

*Thy cordial friend to serve thee, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CIII.

To Mr. W.

*My dearest Friend,*

**W**E are at last got loose from our Western entertainment, and deliver'd from the punishment of an importunate kindness, which was always in travel, and every day delivered of an overflow; but I hope we have escaped all the danger (*viz.* of surfeits) for which we ought to keep a solemn thanksgiving and are safely arrived at *London*, which we shall only make a bairing place by the way into *Lincolnshire*, and there spend the remains of the Summer. At my return to *London* I met a pair of your Letters that had long staid my coming; I flew to their perusal, with a greediness as great as ever was the child of a teeming impatience, and found that in them which at the same time satiated and justified my longing. I was truly glad to hear my friend had so happily pleased my Lady *L.* in his Factorship, which was confirmed by a Letter I received from her out of the Country, (for they left *London* upon the brink of our arrival) which commanded me to return you her thanks by Bill of exchange as a gratuity for your prudent care in her behalf, and a request from my Lord that you would (if possible) procure

cure him some more *Italian* Songs. I have inclosed this Bill from your friend Mr. B. whereof I desire you will signifie the receipt with as much expedition as possible, and direct your Letters again to — for I shall be out of Town till *Michaelmas*. But now my dearest friend, I know not which way to turn my Pen, nor how to shape an answer to those praises you lavish upon a toy that I cannot own without some blushes; which was the only reason it was kept so long from your knowledge, for fear it should get me a deserved chiding from your severe affection, for laying out my time with so much improvidence and ill-husbandry: nor do I traffique with that stale piece of modest policy for an improvement of reputation, because I disavow it, like a cunning Angler, drawing away the Bait that the Fish may follow it more greedily; for really I speak my thoughts without a dress, when I tell you that I have much wondred how it comes by the credit it carries in the World, and that so many judicious palates should gust a piece so insipid; however it is, I cannot content the importunity of some of my best qualified friends without I go on with this story, and I think there will be another part out at *Michaelmas* Term, if I come time enough to *London* to oversee the Press, &c.

*R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L

*Loving Brother,*

**Y**OUR advertisement of the happy Errour came too late to intercept the abortive issue which my Crest-fallen Muse miscarried with: but I was never more glad of being abused, and am friends with Fame for the deceit, since it is like to cost me more, than a laughing at. But reports of this nature shall henceforth only play fast and loose with my ear (as Juglers do with the eye) and claim no credit till backt by apparent certainty. Your imagination cannot fancy a more grateful heart, than mine, made so by your last courtesie, a trouble which none but so perfect a friend as your self would have undertaken; and though I know you are none of those that can put their courtesies to use, and so become kindest to themselves in being kind to others, yet I shall never judge my self truly happy, till I be able to return yours with interest. I would gladly find Dr. B. not mistaken in the situation of my malady, and I hope my experience will hereafter assure me, as now my observation begins to perswade, that there is no flaw in his judgment. I have a strong fancy that I shall reap much benefit by those lotions he speaks

speaks of, and therefore when you go next to *Normich* let me intreat you to take a note of the ingredients from his dictates, for I conceive no time of the year unseasonable to take that kind of Physick. 'Tis possible Mr. *K*'s directions, as one well skill'd in such medicinals, may prove available, though I intend not to straggle the breadth of a hair from what Doctor *B.* prescribes. We are now retir'd from my Lord of *Lincolns* to a house of my Lord of *Clares* in *Nottinghamshire*, where a Hermit is not more alone than I, this Countrey affording nothing fit to converse with but dull companions, as pleasing walks in Gardens, Groves by Rivers, &c. of which it is not unfruitful; that had I *Adams* innocency and knowledge, my present condition would resemble his before *Eve* was created. I have lately not without much regret lost my *French* and *Italian* Tutor, who is parted from my Lady *D.* I am unfeignedly glad to hear of the health of my Sisters, and that they manage their deserts with so discreet a providence to improve reputation. If you find *Hymen* is like to light an auspicious torch, and the true loves knot be worth the tying, I shall not give a faint applause to the change of my sister *K*'s condition; I shall be glad to hear in your next that she draws in a happy yoke; they shall have my hearty wishes that their sweet bondage may know no other fetters than what are woven by the soft hand of

ver-

virtuous unfading Love: might I hope the happiness to meet you at *London*, nothing would be able to out-glad me: but I do more than fear that we are to consume this winter in these parts, unless a new kindled War do send us packing, and then I am sure that unsanctified City must prove our Sanctuary: that which makes it too probable, is, that my Lord of C. is coming down thence with his whole Family, to increase ours here. I pray present my humble service to my Cousin *H. C.* and tell him, that if I can serve him in ought with his Uncle, who lives within five miles of my Lord of L. Castle, at T. (which we shall often visit) he shall not find my indeavours tardy; I have not yet seen him, but intend at our next going: 'tis reported there, that the other *H. C.* is grown a great favourite; but if report says true, he is like to plague their expectations with a most unconscionable long life, as if time had forsworn to swallow his *humidum radicale*, to whom he yet has denied the homage of either stooping or drooping; I intend to send him a pot of red Deer, which they say will be welcome. I pray present my affectionate respects to my Sisters, and tell my Sister J. that I am now in chase of a place for her, which if obtained will pay for all her patience; 'tis to serve the Lady *A. W.* and I intend to ingage no worse Soliciter, than my own Lady her Cousin German; but I am afraid 'tis pro-



promised already, and therefore let her not hope too much ; only if such a thing should happen, 'twere fit I had notice where a Messenger should find her; for I intend to send one on purpose. But I grow intolerable; pardon this rout of words, and call me as I truly am,

*Your own for ever, R. L.*

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LETTER CV.

*To Mr. R.*

*Sir,*

**M**Y short allowance of time will only suffer me to tell you, that I am (what your friendly Courtesies have made me) truly yours, and will be ready to appear so, when any of your Commands shall direct me how. In the meantime take my hearty thanks for the trouble you have undertaken. It was a request of that nature as (without the aid of much Candor) you must needs have constru'd Presumption; but your ingenuity has help'd you to give it a better interpretation: be assured I will strictly require of my self such indeavours as may learn to deserve these favours. So if you please to let me know your clear opinion of this mans intentions, I shall steer my course accordingly, and if you find

find it requisite) come to *Nottingham* my self, and get him arrested before occasion shows her Bald-pate. I beseech you, Sir, return my Love and Service where they are due to my Friends you have with you. Pardon my rude haste, and do me the right to believe me

*Eternally yours, R. L.*

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## LETTER CVI.

*To Seigneur G.*

*Sir,*

I Understood by a late Letter of Mr. H. and since by your last to Mr. H. that you had sent divers Letters to me; which if so, I cannot do less than wonder at the strange contrivance of Fortune, in not suffering so much as a single line to arrive at my hands since I saw you; when none of those that weekly travel between me and my remote Friends ever met with the same fate. Indeed I was glad to hear that *Seigneur G.* was yet among the living; for I judg'd nothing but Death could have struck him so dumb. I understood your desires and the reasons of them by Mr. H. to receive your *Seamozzi*, which I presently communicated to your *vale Milner*, and prevailed so well by perswasion, as  
you

you will receive it by this Carrier. I am sorry my Lady D. does not accept your Present; I suppose Mr. H. will render you a larger account of it. In the mean time, I shall (using the Books carefully) read over your Translation with the Original, and so keep them, till your reply to this directs a further disposal. Haste will now let me say no more, than that I am

*Your constant friend, still ready  
to serve you, R. L.*

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## LETTER CVII.

*To Mr. A.*

*Sir,*

**A**N unexpected Command for *Lincolnshire* with my Lord beguiles me of the happiness to kiss your hands. Because your *Suff.* Journey takes advantage of my defer'd writing, and forces me to say nothing to my Brother by you, to mend this unintended default, you may much oblige me to summon him by a Messenger to B. while you are there, I know his affection will carry him further at any time to hear of me; where if you please to give him an account of what you know of me and my condition, you will put me much in your debt: tell him I will write by the next Carrier, but desire him not

O

to

to expect my coming over, till I tell him I will come. I pray let him know I received his last with the Picture in it. Sir, may the success of your journey compare with your wishes. Present me kindly to all you meet that know me. Forgive the haste that made these blots, and be confident I am

*Your faithful friend and  
servant, R. L.*

## LETTER CVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**M**Y last had not been followed at such a distance, if the sudden news of a *Lincolnshire* journey had not arrested my Pen in the very act. My condition scatters uncertainty, among the broken parcels of my time; and I must be no less, than a Prophet to foretell, how I shall spend the next hour; my firmest purposes being still curb'd with a conditional bridle. Thus I utter the larger part of my endeavours, as an instrument does sound, that only talks over the instructions of an imperious hand. Yet I cannot say that any new restraint does raise the price of my leisure; but the continuance of my trouble, which I now suspect will keep me company to the

the threshold of another World (in spite of all the aid of reason) does often untune and discompose my soul, that (though I should blush to say so) it even faints my industry, slacks my career, and makes me halt after such designs, which otherwise I think I should pursue with vigour. But I take it as a fatherly correction sent with commission to set me the way to Heaven. and so I hope I shall use it. We are now more than two years older since we last shak'd hands; which (when I look back upon, at a lump) methinks (in reference to my self) looks as if woven into a Chaos. From some I have incountred affronts that have struck fire in my breast; from other (sweet ingenious spirits) I have been fan'd with a gentle gale of serene affection; such humorous waves have flow'd round my Bark, as (at the same hour) have mildly kiss'd my keel, & spit foam at my top-sail: and for earth, I am a double debtour to the constitution of my body, and my fortunes, that my Chaos has been plentifully furnisht with that melancholy element. It cannot pose your conjecture to conceive how tenderly I would hug an occasion that might revive me the delight of so dear a society; for (if I deem aright) you may easily cut out such an imagination by the pattern of your own heart. But if I gain my health, I taste what others call pleasure with a feaverish palate; I am therefore loth to appear among the friends I love so well,

till I can bid adieu to a dull humor that now predominates, and my soul may have elbow-room enough (at least) to render my company not tedious. If providence does intend me so dear a Present, sure this succeeding spring must bring it, and then I shall venture to ask my first leave to play, &c. I do much applaud the disgust the creature made you; I know you have a soul that loaths to sin so slavishly (though tempted with fairer hopes, than any can court you that way :) 'tis the badge of a worthy heart that can rather indure to appear less, than to be less worthy; and 'tis a rare disposition that will not suffer it self to be cheapned in such an age as this. But (though vertue sometimes sets a long day) her pay is current and Sterling, all the rest false coin.

My Lady has newly got another swelling in the Belly, which I believe about five months hence will make us hoise sail for *London*, (for there they apprehend is the safest unlading for such freights;) if I may meet you there, you will give me more happiness, than I have relisht since I last saw you: And be confident your Person and Parts will find a more easie task in the purchase of preferment, than mine have done (in so many respects their interiour;) and if you can safely manage the interest is still left you to make it last till then, it cannot be amiss. In the meantime you shall do me but right to promise your self the clearest advice, attended by the  
most



most active diligence, and ready indeavours that may be performed by the soul and body of,

*Tours while he is his own, R. L.*

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LETTER CIX.

*To Mrs. F.*

*Honoured Aunt,*

**T**HE debt due to your obliging goodness, I can better confess, than satisfy; & till Providence enrich me with serviceable power to pay the whole sum, I must beg you will receive the interest of true thanks, a coin (though often counterfeit) has here the stamp of a true heart; in the Mine of which your kind engagements have digged for such metal, and though it be not precious, 'tis beyond the power of an Ordinance to make it no currant pay; for Heaven it self received it, & if the Impress be not forged, returns an acquittance. I promised you news, but its scarcity bids me crave a longer day for the payment, only this, The *scot*, &c. You have the abridgment of what this Week produc'd: if I may use my poor power any other way to serve you, let me beg you will continue your favours in commanding

*Tours, R. L.*

## LETTER CX.

*To my Brother, Mr. A. W.*

*Sir,*

**Y**Ours of the third of this Current was brought to my hands by your Brother, and now mine; a Gentleman so happily accomplish'd with what is brave and ingenious, as I am justly proud of his acquaintance, and must therefore render a just acknowledgment to you that gave it me. So you may safely believe there is nothing in me that sways with so great a power, as affection to my friends; and therefore my remote abode spoil'd the taste of other recreations, because it made that almost speechless. I hold my self much advantag'd by the consent you have given to let me know you, and will gladly stir any indeavours that may shew me the way to so much desert: what you are pleas'd say of your self could not be excus'd, if your own modesty were not the Criminal; and whatsoever that forbids, I see there was no error in those that spoke of you, since one that has best reason to know you, hath confirm'd the Character. It will be none of my fault if I do not help you to entertain your Gossips, but I dare not venture a positive promise, lest something that has more power over me than my self should

should infringe it; but let me intreat to be thought, as thankful, as if I had already tasted all that your Courtesie intends me. Good Sir, speak me deeply affectionate to my Sister, say as much in my behalf to my Sister F. and believe me

*Perfectly yours, in all that I can  
serve you, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXI.

*To his Sister, C. L.*

*Dear Sister,*

I Have had too much proof of thy disposition, to doubt its integrity, and I hope thou hast known me too long to suspect my affection: let us then in spite of all mistakes mutually maintain such a plain dealing love, as may well reject the gay discredit of a Complement. But now though I find my head and hand too weak to cope with your ingenious Champion, yet lest no resistance should render her victory inglorious, these few words in answer, That I perceive she did not well understand, or at least willingly misconstrued my meaning, the better to introduce her own ingenious reproofs; and first I perceive she was pleas'd to understand some words (only merrily intended) in a serious sence, the better to

let me feel how sharp the weapon of her wit is like to cut, when it has a just provocation. Secondly, I must take leave to say, I know not well what she means by impoverishing Fortune of glittering toys, &c. however, I am resolved to do her the service, rather to impute the fault to the weak eye-sight of my own understanding, than lay any erroneous mistake to her charge. For the desire which your own hand exprest on the top, I am sorry my power is yet unable to promise any pregnant hope of its effect: only this you may confidently assure your self, I shall providently improve all means and opportunities that may give you a strong belief of the most unfeigned affection of

*Your truly loving  
Brother, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**Y**Our last kind one met me at Nottingham, whither my Lords recovery, (if I may call it so, for I fear tis but an intermission) hath return'd us; where in spite of all my fair hopes, and eager wishes we are like to re-settle. If this comes direct-

directly to your hands, (which because of your intentions for *H.* I am jealous of) I pray let it speak me as I have still desir'd to be understood, and will ever stretch the sinews of industry to continue the opinion. You tell me of two potent enemies you have to struggle with, *viz.* Malice and Envy; indeed they are two of the most angry Wasps that Satan lets fly; but where they meet with integrity, (of which I know you are not unfurnish'd) they may seem to sting, but there rises no blister; and thus their emissive venom, like the foreseen Basilisk, (which for ought I know may be no more than an Emblem of them) will fatally recoil upon themselves: for the cause of it, because you think fit to bind it up in clouds, I will not strive to unwrap it; only I shall love my own conjectures well, if event applauds them, that it portends you some conjugal preferment. I am sorry *C. T.* grows so lavish of his reputation to go in dan- of a Warrant, because he does things unwarrantable; I pray God he does nor buy wit so dear, that he will have nothing left to make any other purchase; if I knew how to direct my Letter I would write to him, but will forbear advice, till I grow more able to give good Counsel, or at least he more willing to receive it. I could wish poor *N. S.* had manag'd his Merchandise with more providence, than to be shipwreck'd in a Dungeon; and 'tis much to be fear'd  
since

since he could boast of the ignominy: that the Sunshine of his new fortune will but light him to such another Farm, and so leave him in it: but I desire my Augury may get no credit by the event; and indeed I should be chary in unripping others imperfections, till I have fewer to mend of mine own; no doubt they are deform'd in others eyes, could they be so in mine, I were happy. I thank you for the hopes you give me of a Cure when I come over, which I believe will now be shortly; I am resolv'd to consult Dr. B. about it; but custom has taught me to fear the worst. I pray let me know how long you intend to stay in N. that when I come, I may certainly know where to find you; for if you be not there, I shall unwillingly go so far out of my way as by R. H. being full as near: but I talk too confidently for one that has not yet ask'd leave, and may perchance be denyed it. I am sorry your trouble has still such a spleen at your side; a solid constant vertue disheartens malice, and disarms envy, and could rival your own gladness, if the gold you spake of, with a matrimonial Plaster, could remove the Lead from thence; but I applaud your resolution of content, with what you have, and will endeavour to write after the Copy. In the mean time, I cannot better requite your wishes, than by paying of you in your own Coin,



Coin, which (if it be possible) is done with interest by

*Your cordially affectionatoe Brother, passionately desirous to serve you, R. L.*

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LETTER CXIII.

*To Mr. W.*

*Sir,*

I Received yours, and in it much more than was due, by way of acknowledgment, in reference to your Son. You are pleased to call that a Courtesie, which was a debt, and indeed not pay'd at the full; for I must ever confess, that I owe much more to your preceeding Civilities. I find your Son indued with all those qualities that may frame him a fair fortune, and a high repute, both by natural and acquiste parts, which are more than likely to render you a happy Father; his apprehension is clear and quick-sighted, his memory strong and retentive, his fancy dexterous and lively, and these auspicious signs may well be constru'd into hopes of a well-built Judgment, which is the noblest faculty of man. I perceive his industry in his studies is elaborate, and his observation always ready to cull honey from every Flower; in short, I think he will no way deceive your expectation, unless it

it be in going beyond it. Sir, I deemed this account due by obligation from, Sir,

*Your faithfull friend, and  
humble Servant, R. L.*

## LETTER CXIV.

*To Mr. C.*

*Sir,*

**G**ive this Paper leave to present my acknowledgment of your last civilities at *Tatshal*, & my resolution of taking the hint to serve you, from any opportunity that shall beckon me to it. It has pleased God to visit my Lord and Lady, one with a Feaver, the other with a Tertian Ague; but as yet neither expresses any violence, and therefore perswades no fear of danger. The remembrance of your conditional promise to give them a Sermon next Sunday made me deem it fit to send you this notice, that you might preserve your performance for a fit time; unless you will convert your intentions to the charity of a Visit. I should be glad to hear Mrs. C. had shaken off her shaker. As my promise ty'd me I have sent her the *Polonian* Story, which perhaps may feather some tedious hours; when she has done with that, C. is at her service, or at least

least shall be at a Weeks warning. I pray, Sir, speak me much her servant, and conclude me

*Yours as far as the wishes and power  
can reach of R. L.*

LETTER CXV.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**T**He three Letters you mention, I confess I received, and if we had not still been shifting places, like feathers in the wind, my silence would want excuse, and in plain English be translated sloth; for I was forc'd to take an unwelcome Paradox from the hands of Necessity, for too much motion stay'd my hand. Since we lost the sight of *London*, I have dated all my Letters not where I dwelt but where I was; but now I hope we shall sit still and breath a while, so my dumb Pen will come to its speech again.

I am deep in your debt for abundance of loving expressions, and want words to tell you how tenderly I entertained them; the task is too big to let you see how dear you are to me: do me but the Courtesie to fancy an affection, pure, unbyass'd, unreserved, that scorns limits, loaths change, and is only less excellent, than that  
which

which makes the Angels clap their wings, and you have a draught of mine; to describe which in particular were to let an Ocean through a quill. I am sorry you are fastened to Mr. B. with Goffomere-tyings; but though those Cobwebs were Cables, I believe you might find a more commodious harbour to let fall your Anchor in. If you think it fit, let your next a little more unmask your engagements, and shew me how your inclinations stand, and whether you can draw off upon a sudden warning. My friend on the other side the Sea has not yet accepted imployment, (this Age looks too much askint on true desert,) he still redoubles his kind expressions upon me, and so far as he is mine, he shall be yours. I pray if you can learn, let your next tell me how his *Norfolk* friends do; for he desires to know. I am not yet likely to draw my neck out of the Collar; but when I do, I shall be loth to invite yours into it: without flattery, your person and parts do deserve better, & must have it. If this wretched malady did not still haunt me, I should not long trifle away my hours in a dull and barren servitude. I am now my own Physician and Patient; from my own prescription I have taken a Vomit, a Purge, a Collution, a Dentifrice, &c. if these fail, the hopes of a Cure will sicken, and I shall only comfort my self in the calamities of a short life, with eternity. Sorrow and Joy chastis'd one another

nother in my breast, at the news of my Sister F's gentle misery. I will not wrong your apprehensions to give you the reasons, I hope by this time she is perfectly recovered, and will congratulate it shortly in a few lines to her. I pray present me affectionately to my kind Sister J. and tell her I was not master of so much time to write to her this opportunity; for I am forc'd to blot you out these words I send you in exceeding haste. Let me beg your furtherance in my Physical Studies: I would gladly intreat permission to transcribe your Book; but 'tis an unfit request to venture it so long and dangerous a voyage: only this let me crave that in your next I may receive the Copies of three or four of your most vertuous diet-drinks, especially Dr. Butler's; & the receipt of your rare Balsom, with a little quantity of it, if you have any made. I am happy in my Friends welfare, proud of their love, and wish I had worth enough to make it appear they have not displaced their affection. I will make amends for my last longebbe with a future overflow. Salute all that know me with becoming respects proportion'd to them; and now give me leave to close all with such words as I must make, till death close my eyes: I am

*Your truly affectionate Brother  
to serve you, till death, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CXVI.

*For Mr. J. E.**Sir,*

I Am not wise enough to plot an excuse to defend my silence from your censure, unless it be that I made a conscience to call you from your better employments to lose time upon my trifles; but since I thought better of it I found it fitter to chuse the less sin of the two, and rather venture a reproof for importunity, than a mulct for ingratitude. Believe it Sir, I mean it no complement in professing my self much in your debt; but you always rang'd your self in that small number of mankind that sow their favours without expectation of a crop, and place their delight rather in planting courtesies, than gathering their fruits. I beseech you Sir, mention me to my Cousin E. as I am a grateful resenter of their last excellent entertainment, and a passionate desirer to appear so, when either they or I can find a fit occasion: let my the-Cousin know, that I did lately find means to serve her in the business we discours'd of, as will come a cure for the greatest calamity either of body or mind. But our Great Ones are so overflown with this Spring-tide of success, as they have not leisure to mind the bubbling of little Brooks. I  
would



would fain say something else if I were sure I could only speak to your apprehension, &c. M. W. kisses your hands with much respect, and desires the liberty (since *London* will not afford any of the same) to make your Books speak *English* before he returns them. I beseech you, Sir, present my *baise mains* to that incomparable Lady my Cousin E's Lady, not forgetting the terrestrial Cherubins, and take my word, Sir, to you I will endeavour to be all that is requisite in  
*A faithful friend and*  
*servant, R. L.*

LETTER CXVII.

*Dearest Sister,*

**T**hough silence be sometimes a sign; yet it is not a proof of forgetfulness; I am sure in me it has signified no greater offence, than what a large absence from *London* (in such places whence it was almost an impossibility to convey a Letter to *H.*) has inforc'd me to commit; and therefore if my affection has got a blemish in your thoughts, pray restore it to its former credit and beauty, for really I have ever kept it fair in mine, and will always take care to preserve it so. There is so little change in my condition that refers to my present interest in this Family

as it is not worth my account; only I live, and that's all, for my allowance is so short, that if my own industry did not draw in additions some other ways, I should find it a hard task to subsist. In requital of this, pray let your pen tell me how and to what degree, your self enjoys your health and content; how my Cousin L. thrives in his studies, and to what imployment and profession his inclinations are bent with the greatest ardour; and if I can find my self in a capacity either by advice or assistance (though I want them both my self) to serve you or him in the choice of a Calling, procuring a Master, or ought else that may help me to express how cordially I am yours, you need not scruple to command it from,

Dear Sister,

*Your own to all that a sincere affection can promise and perform,* R. L.

### LETTER CXVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

**T**o say nothing after the receipt of so much kindness can no way be excused but by the utter shipwreck of my memory: be pleased there-

therefore to believe that I resented your friendly entertainment as I ought, and do passionately wish I could requite it so; however accept the acknowledgment of it from a heart that means as much as the most puissant gratitude can act. I beseech you Sir, speak abundance of affection from me to my dear sister your bed-fellow; tell her I do not suffer my self to forget how much her indearings are aforehand with me, nor will ever consent to slip any endeavours that may show me the way to overtake them: tell her I shall earnestly pray for a safe unlading of her freight, and wish, if I may use *Erasmus* his expression, *Ut non majori molestia elabatur, quam illapsum est.* My Brother-traveller and I made it Saturday-night before we reach'd *London*, as I doubt not but his inclosed specifies; but if you find the Date old, impose the fault upon me; for accidentally meeting Mr. T. and gaining his promise to deliver this, I was rather willing to trust a safe though slow convenience, than a speedy hazard. I pray present me cordially to honest Mr. H. Mr B. Mr. D. and their wives. I shall only add this, be as happy as your hearts can wish, especially in one another; and take my word I shall be always forward to prove my self, Sir,

*Your really affectionate Brother  
and servant, R. L.*

## LETTER CXIX.

*Dear Brother,*

**I** Am glad you have shak'd off your shaker, & begin to wear your health, which before you put on, as people do new Boots, for a trial, how they will fit, and so put it off again; Pardon the course resemblance, for to him I mean so well I ever thought I might speak any thing: but I hope you are now recover'd with advantage, and are grown so securely well by your conquest in this second incounter, as your victory is signal, and will disable your foe from reinforcing. In the mean time I must not forget to commend the aim of your pious reflexions at the right mark; all the joys and griefs, pains and pleasures, falls and risings that start from those under-causes we incounter here. should all lay their heads in the lap of Providence, and he that does not teach his thoughts, desires, &c. the way to that centre, does but shelter a troop of dangerous straglers that may be more than suspected to drag him the wrong way. Though I think the World was never worse for true desert to traffick in, yet I know you are so well furnisht with what few can dislike, as I hope it will cost you no tedious trial to get a prop, if not an improvement; for your Fortunes. The vacant place which I refused to fill up in my Lord o D's service,

vice, I hear is resupply'd by the same man that left it, &c. If I were able to shew you future events, like the Magicians glass, and strip all the high designs of their present disguise, believe it, you should be admitted to the naked vision; but wiser men than I do but rove with uncertain gheses, and make good the *Italian Proverb*,

— *A Case troppo alte non si piglia mira;*

'Tis hard to take a true aim at things too high. Let me conjure you to be as exact and circumspect in *I's* behalf as is possible; I know you are most able to penetrate and scan the business, have studied the Man with his estate and disposition, and can tell best how to sift the conditions of his kindred, and discover how their propensions stand in reference to the match; for believe it, this may pass for a *Maxime*, She must never long think to preserve her husbands affection that has only His, of all the kindred: yet pray do not construe this my unwillingness to vote it, for what you deem fit, shall never want my approbation. I pray deliver my respects as they are due to all my friends you encounter in your progress; and tell my Nephew, if you see him, that he owes me a Letter. At your return tell me how my Uncle does, vertuous *L.* and my Brother *P's* Family. I have no room to inlarge your trouble, only this; not only a good voyage to you, but all the requisites that conduce to your perfect happiness

shall ever be comprised in the wishes and prayers  
of

Dear Brother,

*Your own to love and serve you, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXX.

To——

Sir,

**I**F I could grow studious in the illiberal science of ingratitude, the lesson of forgetting your courtesies would pose me, when every glance on my present condition must needs undo my endeavours with the unresistible thoughts of him that gave it being. But you have always tasted more delight in performing courtesies, than in receiving their acknowledgment; to which I have been so frequent a witness that I have even fear'd to give you the full proportion of my gratitude, lest it should provoke your modesty to understand it complement. What construction it will make of these words I know not, but they are only a rude draught of what I carry in the Centre of my breast, an Artless copy in black and white of what is there far better drawn in vermilion-characters. But I do but unskilfully repeat what I hope you knew before. Time has not lent me experience enough in my present  
imply-



employment to let you know whether I shall be able to satisfy the expectations of them that command me, but as far as I have yet read in my L's disposition, I have seen nothing that can discourage my indeavours of pleasing. A few words will hold the news we have here &c. and I shall conclude with what hath the same duration with my life, that I am

*Your affectionate servant, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXXI.

*To Sir J. P.*

*Sir,*

**G**IVE these blots leave to mind you of a servant that does often recount to himself how much you have formerly oblig'd him; the remembrance of which compels me to tell you I must be ever yours; nor shall I ever consent to be wavering enough to write them in a wave. If I had not laid out some wishes in vain my Pen had wanted this task, and I had done my becoming respects in person; but so long as I bow to the commands of others, I am like those that swim in streams, *non ennt sed feruntur*; and like a Cock-Boat, must content my self to stand still, while the Ship I am chain'd to is at

an Anchor. Some failings in designs for preferment have deluded my expectations, and detain'd me in the Lord C's service; but I hope I shall not long repeat my steps in the same circle, where I content my self to spend my time with as much studious providence as I can. Sir, if I did not often retreat into my own heart, and find how much it honours you, I would not thus importune you: but methinks I am told by the perfect integrity it pays you, that it becomes me to presume, you still wish well to

*Your faithful servant, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXII.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Shall not offend truth to tell you that I thirsted for your look with all that ardor and impatience which are usually the troublesome Companions of perfect amity, when she is rent from her object by the double divorce of time and distance: and though few delights tickle so pleasantly, as those that get credit by absenting themselves, and after an advantageous intermission return fresh and unhandled to the senses; yet true friendship has a constant and equal gust

gust of delight, is never tyred, nor cloyed with fruition; and indeed, if it can be rightly stated in its perfection here, may be called the elder Sister of Angel-like happiness, Love being one of the fairest plumes that deckt the Crest of divine Beatitude. But enough. If my last told you I was well, I must give this Commission to unsay it, &c. But I am bound to suffer all without repugnance or repining, since whenever the Divinity corrects with the greatest severity, we ought to take alarms from those stripes, not only to give the on-set, but persevere to the overthrow of all that stands in our way to eternal felicity. I am very glad to see so many repeated confirmations of my Sister J's happiness in a Husband; in which my affection goes a large Interest: and if my wish can get her a Lease of it for her life, she shall not want it. I should be fearful to say any thing to my Sister F. though I were far more able than I am, to advise, because I neither know the Man, nor his disposition, how qualified or inclined; but admit them all proportioned to her desires, for my part I should be hardly drawn to acknowledge it could much mend her condition, which, if I mistake not, was very happy, if she has but a true taste to relish it: when I return to *London*, which will be about *Michaelmas*, I shall endeavour to do her desires in reference to her son; but am now upon the brink of our going into *Lincolnshire*. I am, so  
full

full of business, as I am not master of an hours leisure; therefore if you find any non-sence here, impute it to the constraint of my precipitation: we must set out upon *Monday* next. When you write, (which I desire may be often) direct your Letters to Mr. G. the P. in——— and by him they will be infallibly sent me, and my answers returned; in which I promise to be constant and circumspect. Well dear Brother, I have now no time to say more; In my next I intend to be more spacious in the account of my own condition, which in relation to those I serve does grow Hectical, and unlikely to continue; and verily, should I stay much longer with them, the non-competency of their allowance would undo me; therefore I intend to look after some other employment at my next return to *London*. Dear Brother, pardon my abrupt Farewell, and call me your possession.

Your own, R. L.

## LETTER CXXIII.

To Mr. J. E.

Sir,

ON *Monday* last at once I received both your Letters, which like people of the same noble

ble Parentage kept company ; and I crave that their coming that day late to my hands may be called my excuse for not returning an answer. This is a better opportunity to tell you, Sir, that your modesty in expressing yours, and the Families worth turns your artificial Pen into a pencil, to which if it were possible, your shadows would add excellence. I must beg you would take a ruder draught of my heart, which is that I truly honour you ; and what wants in that of art, is made good in reality. I am still an Archer at Fortunes marks, and the other day narrowly mist the White of preferment : the best of it is, I have many strings to my Bow, and the proverb says, *The blind man sometimes hits a Crow* ; but *ad januam virtutis excubant labor & sudor* ; and that's the hubbe I aim at, I must ever scorn to phyfick my weak estate with gilded venome. In the mean time, my breast leaves a swarm of well-wishes to you, & the Honey they gather is your happiness. Sir, to you, if I could, I would not clip the wings of my hearty expressions with Complement, lest, like the new-voted-down money, they should not pass for currant. I will still wear the impress, your obliging goodness has stampt upon me, and when I prove false coin, let me be punished in not being received for, Sir,

*Your most faithful servant, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CXXIV.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.**Dear Brother,*

**Y**OU have so overdone your acknowledgmēt of what a silent acceptance had more than requited, as I can do no less than condemn you of a loving error. The eyes of Judgment are never dim'd with such Catarrhes, as when affection shapes the Object to their Opticks; and like our dear sins, hide their ugliness in the masquerade of delight, profit, or whatever else is the fittest engine to undermine our frailty. If the trifle I sent you, had not been spoiled before, your expectatiō had done it to purpose; & like *Ajōp's* labouring Mountain, would have brought it to bed of a Mouse. But I will trace this talk no farther, lest too modest a flight from my friend's approvemēt should give suspicion of an ambush to surprise more; and palpably seem to act an Angler, who often draws away the bait, that the Fish may follow it the more greedily. I am glad you wear out your Pencil so fast to your own advantage, which however you shadow, your deserts cannot chuse but add fresh beauties to your reputation. I forgot to mention your Quere about my Lord *W.* in your Cousins Letter, who had buried it so long in his pocket before I received it, as it had  
put



put on the discoloured Livery of Time, and proved its Resurrection, by wearing the dust of its Grave about it. But to the purpose ; that Lord is so far from Colonizing, as himself is newly transplanted from the *Barbadoes* (where he was Governour) by the Parliaments Forces, and is now coming home against his will, to refix himself in his Native Soil ; and this is so generally known, as a Diurnal of two months old will tell you the Story. Major *W.* is much your Servant ; we seldome meet but we sacrifice a glass to your health ; and if there be the thing Philosophers call Intelligence of spirits, you fare the better for it. By that time you have read mine through, his Book will be with you, and come like the second course to a Dinner, which always consists of the most delicate fare. I send you this by my Mr. C's man, who looks upon me, as if he were scarce my Cater-Cousin, for you know what ; but in such cases I am partly good at carelesness. But I have said too much, unless I could have said it better ; and 'tis high time to subscribe my self,

Dear Brother,

*Devontly yours, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CXXV.

*To Mr. W.**Worthy Sir,*

**I**N the forehead of your kind Letter I am charged with what I was never guilty of, *viz.* Scholarship; but should be of too much ingratitude, should I forbear to shew you how kindly I relish these obliging Civilities, the remembrance of which I must not part with, till I utterly lose the faculty it self of remembering. Let me beg then that you will fancy me, as I truly am, perfectly yours; and suffer me to tell you without suspecting Complement, that 'tis no light groundless affection, but a clear experience of what I saw was deserving made me love you; for I acknowledge much affection, in your resenting what you call my sufferings, but it is my weakness if they be so; for believe it Sir, if the Peacock stirs any passion in me, it is laughter, which is the Daughter of content. I may find a time hereafter to shew some scorn to be so treated; but that must sleep in my bosome till opportunity wakes it. In the mean time, I am more pleased that there are some which conceive me in love, than offended at the weak pride of others that contriv'd the Comical indignity. Sir, I am sorry that I can do no more, than  
ac-

acknowledge your favours, and blush that my defeated expectations have continu'd you still my Creditor; but at our meeting that score will be wip'd off without fail, and if my wishes were not too weak, my actions, as well as words, should stile me

*Your faithful friend and  
servant, R. L.*

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LETTER CXXVI.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I**T has not been the least of my discontents, that I have been forced to let you want the content your last Letter mentions in the receipt of some of mine; but this let me intreat, that you will never suffer your conjectures to deal so unkindly with me, as to impute a literal intermission to a flaw in affection. If you knew how much my strict imployment does instruct me to say for my self, you would grant I need not confess a neglect; and if you saw how well you are seated in my breast, your knowledge would suppress your doubts of my integrity, and leave them no possibility of a new insurrection. The 100 Epistles did not speak all my heart meant you.

you. It is only in visible effects that my affection will indure improvement, in my intentions it cannot; but as it can only that way appear to be more, so be confident it shall never find any way to be less: but time is now too precious with me to instruct you further in what you know. I received a brace of loving Letters from my new Brother, and his Bed-fellow; their expressions, like themselves, lay lovingly in a sheet together, only in this a little preposterous, that he lay undermost; indeed the man does offer friendship so handsomely, that I should show my self ill-seen in civility not to accept it. I perceive (though you confess your self subject to the Palsie) your judgment was not level'd at his deserts with an unsteady hand; the Character you have given him, with what he has spoke himself, hath help'd me to a longing to be known his Friend, as well as his Brother; but this will ask time, and perhaps more merit than I am master of. I am glad you do not yet let go your hold where you are; and though the wide miss of some former aimes may discredit my judgment, yet he that has but a twilight of Reason, may perceive the Cloud not far off, that is like to make us more fowl weather; (and while the Tempest lasts) safe shelters are precious. If you knew how glad your Letters make me, and were less guilty of that rare fault of undervaluing your own Commodities,  
you

you would see less cause to confess the exchange  
gainful: but (as truth engages me) I must needs  
commend the beauty that breaks out into your  
literal expressions with a daily increase of lustre.  
I find you have thriving thoughts, (and though  
in men it always holds not) yet sure in those the  
height of the quality may be taken from the  
handsomeness of the vesture: if you go on  
thus, your Pen will plant Rhetorical Flowers,  
as skilfully as your Pencil paints others; and  
this word *paint* leads me to lay hold of half a  
promise, which your last makes, to send me the  
K's face in a Letter: let me first acknowledge  
some eager desires of my own to possess it, and  
then inform you that I have a design to let some  
great ones see what you are able to do, and  
somake you known to them, before they know  
you. I will shortly tell my Sister *F.* how glad I  
am of her recovery: present me dearly to ho-  
nest *J.* and I pray take some occasion to let my  
Aunt *H.* know that I do passionately desire so  
to serve her, as may speak her good opinion  
not misplac'd. I am now about to struggle hard-  
est with my malady, but I am almost forbidden  
to hope a perfect Cure, by a rational Physician  
in these parts; but I hope I shall obtain so much  
power over my self, as to resign my wishes and  
will to his, that is the Fountain of Power. I  
snatcht this time of writing this, from some occa-  
sion that would hardly permit it: therefore im-

pute these blotted faults to that mother of blemishes, call'd Haste. Expect another better polish'd at my nearest opportunity, and suffer me abruptly to subscribe my self

*Your perfectly affectionate  
Brother, desirous to serve you, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXXVII.

*To his Cousin, A. L.*

*Dear Cousin,*

**T**Hough my silence since the receipt of yours may have done me some ill offices in your opinion, yet you may safely believe without incurring the danger of an error, that coldness of affection had no hand in the seeming sloth of my Pen: the truth is, I had a double perswasion to stay my hand, as well to wait this occasion of my Lady P. going down, that I might promise my self some security, for delivering mine into your hands, as returning an account of those endeavours you hinted in yours, that refer'd to the removal of that unkind Law-quarrel betwixt your Sister and Father-in-law, by a mediated peace: really, dear Cousin, I am sorry to find my self in no capacity to experiment my affection to both the parties, by rendring my self



self as an instrument of so happy a Compromise and accord, nor is it want of will or wishes that I am not so; but after some attempts that way, I find your Sister has so intirely resigned that business to the conduct and management of a discreet person, that has now (as he tells her) driven it very near a happy period, as she cannot safely let fall, or suspend her legal prosecution, without running the danger of losing so powerful an assistant; & therefore I could wish, that you, and the rest that cannot look upon her actions at this distance, but through the Prospective of anothers report, would not use her too severely in your thoughts, till the last scene be acted; for I am confident she has so fair a stock of piety and discretion, as will take off the imputation of disobedience to her good Mother, and unkindness to your self, and the rest of her friends. But I have touched that string too much, unless I were able to speak to the purpose with more satisfaction. I should be glad to hear your resolution stand firm of visiting *London* this *Easter-term*; yet I could wish your choice would direct you to begin your Journey betimes in the Term, because I fear I shall be snatch'd out of Town before it be half elapsed. Since affection help'd you to relish the first so well, I have sent you the second part of *Cleopatra*, for which you will pay too much if you take the pains to read it; but, dear Cousin, accept it

Q 2

from

from him that will ever be studious to start better occasions to appear what I am and ever will be,

*Your most affectionate  
Uncle, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXVIII.

*To his Brother, Mr. F. W.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I**F I were not skill'd in the ingenuity of your nature, I should fear your construction of my silence; but you have done so much your self in defence of that, as I hope I need not despair of pardon. I shall not pose your belief, if I tell you that your last Letter like *Xenophon* of his *Cyrus*, rather spake me, as I should be, than as I am: and thus I am beholding to your goodness for disguising precepts in the shape of praises; from whence I may take as fair a warning, as the Duncce did, that was commended into Scholarship; thus you have gently given me a Copy to Draw by, and I cannot erre in my choice, either in making your words, or your self my original. If you meant it not thus, your affection deceiv'd your judgment, and help'd it to pass by disproportion and deformities, which it could never have overseen, unless by looking with her opticks;

opticks; and I am contented to dislike my own want of worth, because it cannot render your opinion justifiable. I wish I could as easily obey, as I do gratefully resent your kind summons to *Holt*: but we are shortly going to fix nearer you in *Lincolnshire*, and then it is not unlikely but I may find an occasion to slip my collar for a day or two, for no man tastes more happiness in the enjoyment of his friend, than, Sir,

*Your really affectionate Brother  
and servant, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXIX.

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*To his Sister J.*

*My dearest Sister,*

Suffer this to requite the sweet expressions of thy last, with such, as if they fall short of an equal kindness, it is not the fault of the heart that means, but the head that indites them, and be confident thou art still as dear unto me, as thy wishes can fancy me; (and to speak it better) as thy own language has made my self to thee. I do pattern thy own resentments in thy own behalf, that thou canst not yet recover thy health; but Providence has made us parallels in affliction, as well as in affection, and I fear borrowed

from the same unfortunate cause, &c. though the effect be different; for my malady still haunts me like a Familiar, and spoils my familiarity with all the world beside: if this Spring restores my health, as I am resolved to struggle hard for it, I shall soon let thee see that my longing to see thee, and my friends about thee, is as passionate as thine, but I am loth to come, till I bring my self along with me; and though my affairs here be none of the weightiest, yet, I thank those that contrive them, they are urgent. I am not idle though yet unsuccessful in thy behalf. In the meantime freely enjoy thine own, and let what thou hast help thee to hug thy self; and be sure thou shalt be happy, if it lye in his power to make thee so, that is

*Thine for ever, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXXX.

*Loving Brother,*

**W**HILE I was most happy in the converse of the most ingenious and communicable spirits, I would have call'd your silence unkind, but now I sojourn in a Land of strangers, it cannot be call'd less than uncharitable; for though I am very civilly used from the top to the toe of this numerous Family, yet in this throng I am forc'd

forc'd to find out solitude, none here being made of better Clay, than will render them fit instruments for Household-affairs; and I confess I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him I fasten on, with a stronger tye, than the ordinary slipping knots of faint acquaintance.

I remember in your last (since which you have had three from me) you desir'd news; then there was none stirring that deserv'd your knowledge, and now we are gotten so far out of Fames way, that (bating the Northern occurrences) she brings us nothing before it be stale with the rest of the Kingdome. This stupendious victory of C. against the perfidious *Scots*, has made our Town of *Nottingham* an intire Gaol. Indeed the delight I formerly took in writing news to my Friends has lost much of its former reputation with me; my most liquid discoveries, as I thought, of undoubted truths have so oft been confuted, that I would not have my Friends take it ill, if henceforth I prevent the censure of a weak Judgement, by forbearing to give them any more uncertain hopes and fears by such relations. My simplicity suffer'd me a long time to be cheated with that general error that gulls the whole herd of vulgar understandings; I weigh'd appearances in the common balance, my Imagination took the print of things from my outward senses, and I judg'd the constitution of affairs by

Q 4

their

their false complexion : but at length perceiving how wide I shot at events, and what amazing effects started from unobserv'd causes, I found not only my inconsiderable self, but many that made a brighter show, and a greater noise in the World, with their quality and parts, had been catcht in the same nooze, and were still liable to the same abuse. At last I resolv'd to try, whether I could learn to see without that Glass that had so often falsified the Object; at length by the illustration of some clear Judgments, (whose acquaintance I won by inches) I arriv'd at this glimmering.

There is a certain sort of active men, grown main actors upon one Stage, that only appear in their perfect shape to one another, to the World a homely out-side hides an out-landish lining. Their Education hath stor'd them with principles of excellent learning, a Taper they always keep in a dark Lanthorn, and either shew, or hide it, as the season of opportunity, the nature of affairs, and the inclination of Persons, with whom they treat, do either prompt or prohibit. They are the most exact students of men, the nimblest divers into dispositions, the happiest in insinuation, and the cunningest in compliance with all humours under heaven. In fine, they appear to every inclination in the same shape, the predominant humour delights in; and with a provident policy and dexterous contrivance,



trivance, not only make the vertues, but even the vices of their active acquaintance serviceable to their main design: no doubt they were furnisht with better reasons, than you are like to have of me, why they wav'd the Kings party, and adher'd to this; such as the short arms of my conjecture could fathom are these; First, they knew a Parliament so universally desir'd, as this, could not chuse but be strong in popular reputation, especially having indear'd it self to them by that excellent beginning of removing unjust pressures from the shoulders of the suffering Subject, by finding out abuses, and abusers of the Government, and by promising that same costly word of Reformation both in Church and State. Secondly, They knew they could hope for no Harvest of their indeavours, till they had sown pleasing and plausible insinuations in the ears of the inferiour rank; the Royalists they knew were no fit soyl to entertain this seed; they of the lower Region being incapable of, and repugnant to any apprehension that at first gaze did not appear a visible aid to the cause, that unsheath'd their Swords; besides their too free and open hearts, their careless and (indeed) dissolute carriage, rendred them unfit to be trusted with any notion that demanded silence; and on those of eminent degree they had as little hope to fasten their designs, for besides that they hated any thing that but smelt of  
OT  
their

their best bait Innovation, they wanted unanimity (the main Pillar that should prop such undertakings) for the study of advancing peculiar interest, feeding the insatiate appetite of private ambition, indiscreet competition for priority, quarrels, and hunting profit and pleasure with too hot a scent, were the sad causes of that unfortunate parties undoing, and the reasons why these subtle Engineers found them unfit instruments to advantage their abstruse intentions. Thirdly, On the other side, they met with materials aptly disposed to take that impress, they thought fit cunningly to leave upon the soft wax of their tender consciences, they were furnish'd with ready Mathematicks, to take the height and latitude of these spirits, which were as fit to carry on the design, as a general discōtent with the Government that was uppermost, a vehement desire of Innovation, the repair of ruinous fortunes, and the loud fame of a glorious victory (inscribed with Religion and Liberty) could make them. Fourthly They had the in-exhaustible Treasure of the Kingdom at command, which they could renew at pleasure with the indispenſible Edict of an Ordinance: with this unresistible Engine they battered their enemies fidelity, bargain'd for their strong holds, and even bought those victories that have cost the World so much astonishment; nothing being so injurious to the Kings substantial rights as his own Pictures.

To

To display the cunning these creatures used in spreading their Nets, to give you a plat of the intricate and-oblique Path they trod to their designs, with what outward vehemence they at first declaimed against what they really aimed at; how, like cunning Hawks at the first whistling off, they seemed to fly from the Game they intended to fly at; lastly, what Religion they intend to usher in, by the toleration of tender Consciences, why they lately crept into the shape and outward Profession of Levellers, &c. I should make a Volume of a Letter; and what follows, doth ask a more ingenious, and judicious Pen to delineate.

I thought it not unfit to give you this rude draught of my observation and information; you have here certainties and conjectures blended. I would not have ventur'd them abroad in this ruffled undrest fashion, but that I hope you will only look upon them with the eye of affection, and so lay them by; however shew not their imperfections to any critical or censorious eye, for it was huddled up in haste, and wants the beauty of Method and Language.

I am now about to give an eager onset to the study of Physick, in which I conceive by this time you have more than a taste: you cannot do me a more acceptable kindness, than to vouchsafe your instructions, and impart your collections unto me; and I presume you make no question

stion, but that they will safely be returned, with the interest of true thanks from

*Your truly affectionate, but now  
sleepy Brother, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXXI.

To——

*Sir,*

**I**F reality needed an artificial dress, I would strive to put the acknowledgment of your last favour in the best attire I could cull from Rhetoricks Wardrobe: but the true affection of a friend is not so light a Huswife, to jet it in gawdy borrowed attire, such as the Times Politicians strive to cloath her Counterfeits with. I use no fiction when I say I love and honour you; no supple flattery, when in plain terms I thank you, and of both I hope you are so well assured, as I do but injure your goodness to repeat them. That I trouble you with these blots, pardon it; and be pleased to think, I had rather merit the guilt of importunity than neglect: had I thought my personal appearance could have been serviceable to you, I had gladly taken my Pen-employment upon my self. I am loth that any slighted opportunity should accuse me of neglect to him I owe so much to. I could pursue  
this

this subject with such delight as, *non sic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres*; but I fear I have rang'd too far, and my Pen hath already too well shown from what wing it drives its pedigree. I shall not therefore farther tempt your patience, but humbly subscribe my self, Sir,

*Your most faithful servant, R. L.*

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LETTER CXXXII.

*Loving Brother,*

I Must take my self off with the old excuse for my last weeks failing, *viz.* imployment, and preventions of this nature must be digested, since the weak brain of my estate will not suffer me to be my own man. I am sorry for the miscarriage of your Colours; if you desire to have any more, let your next tell me so, and I shall take a securer course for the conveyance. For these petty services, I would not have you disparage our friendship so much as to name them: 'tis fit we should resign such Ceremonies to those cold hearted Creatures that love to sell their kindnesses, and have a ballance to weigh before they deliver them. Nor let the flame of our amity be of an ethereal nature, always true to an equality of heat and measure. Methinks the Poets should have meant such a fire as this  
for



for that which *Prometheus* stole from Heaven; and they that have vertue enough to stay it from Evaporation, may carry it thither again; while the other is kept alive with the course Fuel of Commodity, and as that Flows or Ebbs, so does it Blaze or Languish, till at last it Swounds away into a Socket. But I have talk'd so much upon this Subject, and so often, that I doubt my repetitions may purchase me the account of a Consider. And now to sprinkle a little news. On *saturday* last the fortunate and victorious Governour of *Ireland*, invited with as much Rhetorical importunity as the high opinion of his fortune and valour, joyn'd with the suspicion of appearing dangers could indite, was conducted into *London*, with a specious solemnity, and there had a loud welcome roar'd him by the Consort of Guns, Drums, and Voices; from the City he received a Present of about 2000*l.* value delivered with abundance of creeping thanks for his faithful gallantry. On *Monday* following, with a numerous train of creatures and admirers; he enter'd the house of Commons, where the Speaker welcom'd him with a Speech that tender'd the Thanks of the House, imbroider'd with lofty Praises, a Rehearsal of his most Signal Services done both here and beyond the Channel, mingled with the relation of his Pedigree; whereto he added, how much his Discretion, Fidelity, Religion, Policyd and Fortitude;



tude, had innobled the sleeping Ashes of his famous Ancestors; and clos'd with the cause of his invitation, told him that he had no sooner nam'd what he had already done, but by the universal desire of the House he was to proffer him occasion of improving his own merit with their gratitude; telling him that he had received Letters from their *Low-Country-Agent* that assured him of the certain agreement 'twixt the King of *Scotland*, and his Subjects; that there was nothing wanting but a wind to wait him thither, and in all probability being once seated there, he would not long sit still contented with that Crown; and concluded with the choice the House had made of him, to Command their Army Northward: who return'd his high resentment of their favours in a short modest Speech, wherein he strived to extenuate his services, and to express his resolutions to spend his dearest blood in the service of his Countrey. This is all, that time will grant me leave, but only that I am and ever must be, cordially,

*Tours to love and serve you, R. L.*

LETTER

## LETTER CXXXIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Am well satisfied concerning your love, by your last missive, which withal, brought me the acceptable account of your health and best prosperity. Whether this will find you out or no, is very uncertain; yet to exercise my affection, and to quiet my heart, I took up a resolution to write, though the Letter perish in the midst of the *Alpes*. That long intercourse this way between us hath begotten in me both fears and hopes; which yet are not liable to exception, because they flow from that limpid spring, which was never mudded with self-interest. I priz'd you for your vertues, and that sympathetical temper which I discerned in you, beyond which I had no eye; and yet I am secure in all my applications. But what doth my friend in those remoter Countreys, thus long? why must *Belgia* and *Italy* have so much of you, and *England* so little? what curiosities do you search for? what actions do you design? and what improvements do you attend? I will not believe you like him in the Poet, *securus quo pes ferat*---and that you do *ex tempore vivere*. I have heard that a woman hath been defin'd ---*Ens Ovismatum*; but this

this is not applicable to a wise man, who paceth the World with judgment, and asks upon every remove—*Cui bono*—Not that I desire to enter into your Cabinet at this distance, for I know you are arriv'd at that of the old *Roman* Courtier—*Gli pensieri stretti & il viso suto*. You can English it better than I; notwithstanding I wish my self sometimes better acquainted with the project, that I may serve you better. I am buffeted with the whispers of men, that *Thames* hath swallowed *Tyber*, and that my *English* friend is *Roman* all over. Will you credit me? this I deem a witty suggestion of an enemy, which I can answer without you; yet to raze this to the foundation, I call for your help. It cannot be that we should vary here, when in those highest concernments we have been always one-- *Et quoad rem, & quoad modum*; but enough of this. Your friends are yet alive both here and elsewhere; but the Orb of Learning has lost of late stars of the first magnitude, *Dr. Collins* and *Dr. Cumber*; the former had his *Apotheosis* a year since, the latter is commemorated this day. Thus things and persons dye, but the Lord abideth for ever; to him let us direct our thoughts and services, and by his revealed Truth alone let us measure our best way to eternity— which you pray that I may find. If I hear no more from you, yet know that you live in my heart and prayers, and that.

R

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the variety of Providence cannot alienate from you

*Your own, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXXIV.

*Dear Brother,*

Since you are pleas'd to call that your delight, which with a safe conscience you might have nam'd your trouble, I mean my tedious lines, I will learn of affection to make it mine, by a continu'd supply of that weekly satisfaction. Since thus, though debarr'd of a personal interview, our nobler parts that evidence our immortality, meet, converse, and exchange the dear entertainment of mutual embraces. I am beholding to your loving error as well as the Worlds, for setting my toy at so high a rate: but now for the hard words you speak of, I know they have made work for some of those *Cato's* of Language this Age has hatcht, which come with a like intent to the perusal of books, as *Balaam* did to view the Army of *Israel*, on purpose to give them ill language; and I would fain know of those Censors, if preceding Ages, by a like design, had not providently inoculated some of the fairest Cions of forraign fruits upon our *English* stock, whether our barbarous Tongue would ever have been com-

pre-

prehensive of such rich and rational expressions, or grown up to that strength and beauty it now possesses: nor does my judgment deal less severely than theirs with such rumbling fustian words, big with nought but wind, that some affect; this were to humour *Midas* opinion, that preferr'd *Pan's* Pipe before *Apollo's* Harp, because it made more noise. The word Raillery you return'd me for interpretation, signifies a kind of jesting, scoffing, dissimulation, and is now grown here so common with the better sort, as there are few of the meaner that are not able to construe it; which makes me wonder by what mischance it should scape the knowledge of that living Library of Languages Mr. F. to whom I pray return my service; but he must allow me the Liberty to think he knows too little of the *French* to rank it justly with the rest of his Languages: but enough of that. And I now eagerly wish your proposal were improv'd to a resolution of seeing *London* next Term, since I am more than half assur'd we shall not turn our backs upon it till that be expired, and then whether we shall steer our Course West-ward or North-ward, is not yet concluded in the thoughts of those that sit at the helm. But I am sorry I cannot wind you up to any forward expectation in what refers to my Lord R. for I daily perceive the fruits of my indeavours that way do rather wither than ripen; and I am glad you

are struck in with so friendly a man-mender. If you have not taken an oath of secrecie, I should gladly welcome the participation of those rare *Recipe's* you speak of. Major *W.* is overjoy'd at your promise to see *London*; he says he hopes to deprecate your censure for neglecting to give you his thanks for your kind token (which he is very proud of) under his hand. I cannot yet learn by my inquiry that my Lord *W.* has any such design for a Plantation as you speak of. But I have made no conscience of your patience:

Dear Brother farewell.

Your own intirely, sincerely,  
religiously, R. L.

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## LETTER CXXXV.

To Mr. W.

*My dearest Friend,*

**T**his should not have contracted an answer to two Letters, if the waiting a return of some others from *Lincolnshire* had not retarded my hand; but I know not how to construe their silence, and cannot tell whether I may call it sloth or design; however, my hopes are yet big enough to make my judgement charitable, and



and till we see more, so I would have yours. By this time you have found out the reason of my hopes to see you on this side the Channel, and the event that defeated them; wherein you have liberty to deride my pur-blind judgement, that has so much ado to see her, much more to see into the nature of such affairs; I never could make so strong a party of Reason, as might keep out the invasion of over-forward expectation: 'tis the hardest humane Lesson to learn to judge aright; which granted, a light reflexion upon my weak capacity will soon get my Pardon, with a promise of endeavour to leave out my *Errata's* in the next impression. And now, my dearest Friend, accept as many thanks, and as real ones as ever came from a true heart, for jogging my drowsie soul with those excellent *Memento's* of vertue and piety; it shows your Friendship has chosen the best Basis, and you desire to cast mine in the same mould: well, my dear Friend, though the Scholar be very unapt, he loves his Master well, and especially because he gives such Lessons. I long for that same meeting you speak of with more impatience, than I can well justify, since we must wait Providence with a total resignation, or else we cannot say that *Fat*, &c. Indeed I would fain knock off my bolts here, but would do it so, that I might not afterwards repent it. I am still here like a wild Beast in a Gaol, who though he walks up and down

in it all the day, yet at night he is got no further than where he was i'th' morning. I am glad with all my soul to find you the first proposer of L's affairs: I see you are confirm'd; and could you read my heart at this distance, you would see I do not waver; but while here I must be inflav'd, and at least in exterior subjecting my self to that same *Video meliora proboque*, &c. I am as sick of this World as ever poor passenger was of a storm at Sea, and would bless the hand that could set me ashore, where I might learn to look upon the vanities of it in their full proportion and so despise them. ————— I have no cause to boast my health, and the less, because my indisposition comes in such disguise as poses my self and all the World beside. I am sorry for the loss you dread so passionately; but whatever happens, say but that same *Fiat voluntas*, &c. heartily, and all will be well again. I will never release that promise you have made me, to let me hear from you wherever you go; for none has more interest in your happiness or misfortunes, than,

My dearest Friend,

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER

## LETTER CXXXVI.

*To his Sister F.**Dear Sister,*

**T**Hough since my Pen last saluted you there has not past a day wherein you have not found work for my memory, and been concern'd in my well-wishes, yet lest you should give silence the name of neglect (an error familiar with tender affections) I am content to think it business enough for a Letter to repeat what I have so often made the only business of my Pen, and tell you that I truly love you: this from a stranger perhaps would ask more than a single proof to be believed not Complement, but from a Brother that has so often shewed you his heart, I know you cannot lin so much as to doubt it; and let me say this to the commendation of our honest-hearted Family, that though we are below others in the rich gifts of Fortune and nature, yet for perfect integrity, unmixt with what they call politick ends, and sincere spotless affection one to another, we are not excell'd by any that ever yet my observation medled with, and since it traded with variety of humours and dispositions, it has not been altogether pur-blind. If there needed arguments to keep this affectionate temper from a cold decay, I should strain hard

for such as should restore us the beauty of this lovely loving inclination; but I know there is little want of such restoratives in you, and I borrow a confidence from experience that bids me say as much for all the rest: well then, let us still cherish this mutual affection, that makes our souls as near a kin as our bodies, for by loving one another 'tis the way to purchase his favour who is Love it self. If there were any alteration in my condition since you received my last Letter, I should be ready to let you know it, as one that has no little interest in me; but while I am here, my endeavours do but labour like a mil-horse, still repeating their steps in a circle, always going round, but not a foot forward in the path of preferment. I am now once more in a course of Physick for my malady, and in hope it will struggle successfully with it: but I am like to buy these desires so dear, that to recover my health will sicken my purse; but of the two 'tis a Disease less grievous. I pray present my much affectionate service to my excellent Aunt H. her good Mother, with the rest of the Family: salute the rest of my Friends with love or service, as they are due; and to your self, Dear Sister, take the heart of

*Your affectionate Brother, R. L.*

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LETTER CXXXVII.

*To his sister J.*

*Dear Sister,*

I Have long forbore to write, out of an hopeful expectation to find thee such news as might claim a just welcome; but now I am forc'd to say, that my failing in thy behalf is added to the rest of my own misfortunes. I suppose my Brother acquainted thee with my hopes to prefer thee to the Lady *A.W.* a Lady in whose praise I will be silent, lest I should too much vex thee with the miss of so much happiness; and it was a narrow miss, for I procur'd a Letter from my Lady to her in thy commendations so soon as I heard her Gentlewoman was to part from her; upon which the motion was entertain'd willingly, only (she reply'd) that she had intreated her Aunt the Lady *W.* then at *London*, to procure her one there, but she would immediately write her word that she was provided; which she had no sooner done, but she received news that her Aunt had already agreed with a Gentlewoman, which was then coming down, and in honour could not be refused. Thus have my unfortunate endeavours born thee no other fruit, than false hopes; indeed this failing does the more afflict me, because I know the value  
of

of what is mist; though we should besides have liv'd most of this Winter together in a house, a thing so passionately desir'd of us both; but we must not repine too much at cross events, lest in it we upbraid Providence; the younger Sister does yet take none, but when she does thou art sure to have it. Mr. W. in whom I repos'd most hopes to effect thy desires is now out of the Kingdom; besides, our residing in this barren Countrey will much disable my industry in thy behalf. I shall conclude with such advice as I believe thy discreet goodness does daily practise, be still the same thou ever wert, of a sweet vertuous winning carriage, ready to pleasure all, loth to offend any, and thou wilt engage even incivility it self to use thee civilly, and inconstancy to love thee constantly: keep still the complexion of Lillies in thy innocence, and of Roses in thy modesty; for if once sully'd, the water is hardly purchas'd that will restore its whiteness: thy disposition was always intimate with vertue, endeavour daily to improve thy amity, and trust Heaven with the rest, whose blessings, though they be long a coming, will richly pay thy patience: lose not a grain of that pleasant temper which makes thy company so much courted; for there is nothing so happy here, as those calm souls that can make unforc'd smiles shine through a harmless jollity. But thou art born to too rich a goodness to need



need the charity of my weak advice ; but give me my Present back again, and I will take it kindly ; and be sure you love me truly, or else you will dye much in the debt of

*Your truly affectionate*

*Brother, R. L.*

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LETTER CXXXVIII.

*To his Sister, K. L.*

*Dear Sister,*

**H**Ad I met with any thing that might justly have deserved thy acquaintance, my hand could not have been so slothful to withhold thee from that knowledge : but concerning my self, though my indeavours have not proved altogether fruitless, yet I cannot say their success has answered my wishes ; but be assured, if kind Providence favour my designs, I will own no good fortune but what you shall claim a share in. I shall be suddenly called by my affairs to *Tarmouth*, and if I see you not before my return, it shall be the unkindness of my urgent occasions, not my own neglect. To conclude, if ever Fortune be dispos'd to smile upon me, I shall not debar my Friends of its reflexion, in the number of which thy active affection has

has deserv'd a place in the former rank and in that perswasion I remain

*Thy constant affectionate*

*Brother, R. L.*

## LETTER CXXXIX.

*Dear Brother,*

**T**Hough my present imployment be something pressing and importunate, yet it cannot dissuade a reply to you with all the Arguments that Business can urge; for to hold my peace because time will not allow my fancy elbow-room, is to be confuted in Friendship, and non-plust in the proofs of affection. I confess I love a little to be pos'd in these Lessons, to inure my Faculties as well to violent, as gentle Exercise, and teach my Pen to run races, as well as walk gravely. Promptitude in dispatch, when it keeps a fit distance to precipitation, often commits a happy rape upon preferment, and takes Reputation by surprizal; while that serious exactness that weighs and poises every hair and grain, does but clamber to that which the other flies at; and I think the Maxime is equally fitted to this and Fowling, the first aim is best. But I should call back and unsay these words, because I have hastily shot so wide from the purpose; yet to you I dare

dare draw my thoughts with bold strokes. I thank you for your last inclosed, though my intentions of Printing my Letters be defer'd till *Trinity*, if not till *Michaelmas*-Term, by the late interposition of some Commands that have engaged my Quill, &c. Whoever of my friends you incounter in your Journey, pray give them my respects in a due proportion. You seem to hint some design of your own by the way that may prove advantagious; I shall be happy to hear it disclos'd, because by that time I suppose it will be successfully effected; for I perceive you are Master of that old prudential Maxime, Never to reveal a design, whilst it is in a capacity of failing. I cannot chuse but applaud your happy blending of the Christian and Politician; which gives you a buckler of caution to defend your self, but not a revenging weapon to return blow for blow. If you see my Sister *F.* before you return, present me to her with much affection. The Major sends you his affectionate respects, and bids me mind you of a promise to send him some Pictures upon *Muscovy*-glasses. I told you at first I was in haste, but I have confused my self by the tedious progress; but you know how to pardon all faults of this nature

*To your intirely affectionate Brother*

*to command, R. L.*

LET-

## LETTER CXL.

To W. A. Esq;

Sir,

**M**Y last did but pay the obligation of my word; so your million of thanks are ill laid out for what you might challenge as yours: yet I love the reward though not due, so dearly, as I should imbrace the power with much indulgence, and use it with as much industry in your service that might help to deserve them. It was assurance enough of my safety, that it had a harbor in all your well-wishes; for which my stupid weakness cannot find a better present requital, than really to wish they may effectually recoil upon our selves, in which you shall but reap the fruits your fair deserts have planted, &c. I dare boldly affirm, you may promise your self as much safety here, as in any part of the Kingdom. In the meantime, if I may be instructed how to serve you here, be assured I will find out a no mean delight in the imployment. I pray present my most humble service to that gallant Family, those fragrant buds of beauty in particular, whose happy society is armour of proof against melancholy, and adds wings to times feather'd off-springs: to each of which I think it will prove no unwelcome Office to you, to re-  
duplicate

duplicate the old token; but lest my trifles should prove the tryal of your patience, I will put a period to them; but never to my resolution, to remain

*Yours, R. L.*

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LETTER CXLI.

*My dear Brother,*

I Can scarce credit it that you have quitted *Holt* (though the Post tells me so) since so many of mine dispatcht to *Berningham* have not been able to rowse you to an answer, yet I have always found you so forward in repaying these literal debts at your day, as I begin to suspect that my two last which were sent to welcome you home, came to congratulate your recovery, either perisht or loiter'd too long by the way, which has induc'd me to shoot this shaft after the rest, and hazard the solecism of a repetition to tell you again, that I have celebrated your return to health, with as perfect a gladness, as the dearest and clearest amity ever yet brought forth. But now let me beg you will hold me no longer in a painful suspense, nor defraud my longing to see your perfect recovery confirm'd by your own hand; for believe it, my wishes have deserv'd that satisfaction, and  
in-

indeed have laid out themselves for your welfare, with a zeal so industrious, as if it had not only been my interest, but propriety, and mine own vital thred been inseparably twisted with yours: for my self, I can neither say I have beē sick nor very well, since I saw you, but rather in that same mingled condition, compounded of health and sickness; but a customary experience hath so familiariz'd me with that valetudinary temper, that a little patience serves to Man the Works against all those faint Batteries. We are here in *London*, where I think we shall fasten for most part of this ensuing Summer. I still tread the old Circle, without any visible improvement or impairing, and would be glad to understand upon what legs your affairs walk in reference to your interest at *B.* I am earnestly provoked by some of my friends to Print a Volume of Letters, to which at last I have consented, though not without much distrust of the worlds approvement; however, I cannot lose what I never had, I mean much reputation. I remember your Pen once told me, you had preserved all such fragments as fell from mine by way of Letters to your self; I never priz'd them so high as to reserve their Copies, yet in this design I suppose they may do me some service, though I intend not to Print the fourth part of what is there expressed. I pray dome the favour therefore with your most expedite convenience to seal them  
all



all up carefully, and direct them to me at one Mr. G's — for that is now the Rendezvous of my Letters, since my Landlords death in *Holborn*. Well, dear Brother, pardon this haste that crowds forth my words in a mishapen form, because they could not stay for a mature conception, indeed much dreading Mr. A. should be gone without my Letter; but I will requite your patience in my next, and now hastily subscribe, Dear Brother,

Yours own cordially, R. L.

LETTER CXLII.

To Mr. E. A.

**Dear Ned,**

**T**O speak the full excuse of my silence were to give you a list of my Country-adventures, and to describe the chains of my leisure link by link. But that there may be room enough for something else, take it thus in contract; Our Family was scarce settled in the Country before it caught the head-ach, and began to grow dizzy by the sickness of my Lord and Lady, who still languish of this new Disease, that has almost ingrossed all the business of Fate, and kills by Monopoly: if you saw what epidemick havock it makes in these parts, you would think every Parish changed into a great Hospi-

Hospital, and every person the Physicians see-  
simple, either in possession or reversion; for  
my self, I have been all this time in an Emble-  
matick battel, where some are still dropping  
round about me, though my self be yet shot-  
free: whether I shall pass the Pikes safely is be-  
yond the reach of my knowledge; for Diseases,  
especially of this nature, give so little warning as  
the arrow is in us before we know the bow is  
bent: but among so many Patients, at last I  
have found leisure to be the agent of my own  
affection, and an opportunity to tell you, that it  
should be your fault, if our revived amity do  
ever relapse into another Lethargy. And now  
dear N. how dost thou? hast thou yet unsheath'd  
thy Family of the Chamber? I would fain hear  
thou art crown'd King of *Elysium*, and the ho-  
nest souls of thy acquaintance like good sub-  
jects, conglomerate to pay their homage, and  
drink allegiance. I could wish to dye to this dull  
Country, that I might be enroll'd one of thy  
Guests of good Fellowship; for we have none,  
but such clods here in the shape of men, as by a  
forc'd imitation do hold up Converse. I am in  
danger to go out of my wits for want of exer-  
cise, yet never incur the aspersions of madness,  
but a weekly Dialogue with your Pen may  
prove a Sovereign preservation against such stu-  
pid contagion; but 'tis time to leave prating.  
Present me cordially to vertuous Mrs. A. kind-  
ly

ly to Mr. N. and to your self, take me intirely, Sir,  
*Your own, R. L.*

LETTER CXLIII.

*To his Brother, Major W.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I**F like a slow pay-master I have too often adjourned the performance of my promise, call it not coldness of respect or affection, for of those to you I can never be guilty; but if I do not give you a sound reason for my silence, think it comes from a sick head, and let that satisfy; for ever since I entred this dull and unwholsom Country, that daily puts on the morning waistcot of a fog, I have been such an useless thing to my self and others, as if I had left my soul behind me at *London*, and only liv'd at the charge of my sensitive faculty; and I have suffered such an amphibious interthing betwixt health and sickness, as it has pos'd me to christen it. I have had such a languishing pain in the head, ever since my arrival, with such a drowsiness to boot, as if the Heavens had mingled Poppy with their dew, and shed it upon this Climate; and I have slept like a Snake in winter to that excess, as nothing but a Lethargy which I half fear'd could out-do it; but *quantus sum*, I am still yours at the same height

and vigour of affection, as when the double discovery of your excellent qualities and inclinations to love me, first finish'd the fabrick of our friendship, and took me in your toyls; and though there may be allow'd an Infancy, and a pubescency in friendship, yet when once it hath climb'd by degrees to the full stature, none but bastard affections can grow old and show their wrinkles, as the scars of time or accident, since that friendship that is not ever equal, uniform and constant, was never so; but you shall ever find it invulnerable from him that will cease to be himself, if not

*Tours in service and true friendship, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXLIV.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**N**Othing but impossibility could have forc'd me to intermit my weekly salute; for the last week we consum'd at my Lord of *Westmerlands* in *Kent*, where my Lady suffered her resolutions of a short stay to be overcome by the importunities of a gentile entertainment: my affection has as great a quarrel to the narrowness of my expressions as yours, and does even upbraid my Pen with the disgraces that its ill guidance puts upon it; but 'tis well I am not able to draw

draw it in its full dimensions, lest the abundance should discredit the reality, and even pose your belief into suspicion with the incredible quantity. But upon better thoughts, I could be angry with my self for suffering such words to get loose from my Pen, and could willingly punish them with a great blot, if I had time to write new ones; for I am confident you do match me too well with the same materials to doubt its purity, and we never wonder at any thing that we can pattern in our selves; your flint is a true Emblem of perfect friendship, which in the bosom carries fire ready to start forth at the summons of occasion: how soon I would obey such an alarm to serve you, I hope you will find prov'd in my future endeavors; but I have not skill enough to add beauty to that which never had a blemish. My old Cough, with a great cold to boot, do constrain me at this time to be bad Company, which you may easily perceive by the languour of my stile: this Cough I find has lately fed upon my flesh and carried away enough from the poor store I had to make me doubt a Consumption; but whatsoever the hand of Heaven sends me I shall endeavour to bid welcome. I pray let us not fail in our intercourse while we are so near. My present indisposition, with some haste beside, will let me say no more, but that I am, and ever will be

*Your own to love and serve you, R. L.*



## LETTER CXLV.

*To Mr. J. G.**Honest Mr. J.*

**I** Acknowledge the receipt of yours with a Diurnal, Proverbs, and Tobacco, besides many other preceding civilities and courtesies; which believe it have rendred me perfectly yours. You may safely take my word this is really meant, and will be as cordially confirm'd when any occasion shall beckon me to it. We are arriv'd at our Country habitation, where in a double sence we may be said to be out of the lines of communication: we dwell at large, and people it, as our forefathers coloniz'd the World in its Nonage; Melancholy, that they wanted partners in their vast possessions; and thus like the Children of *Israel*, we are come out of *Egypt* into the Wilderness, only we have the Flesh-pots still, and therefore none of the Manna. This Country is so barren of good company, though fruitful of all things else, that even tyr'd out with solitude, I am forc'd sometimes to make shift with the Parson of the Parish, and he more than half a Presbyterian; you will say that's a hard case for one that has been us'd to Mr. G's company. But I confess these defects are not ill supply'd by my dumb society.



ciety. Besides Books, we have good Horses, handsome Walks, pleasing Groves, which represent variety of objects, and they Ideas enough to make Fancy a good companion, and Thoughts my recreation. By the help of them I oft remove *London* into the Country, and enjoy the friends I left behind as well as fancy can present them, in the foremost rank of which Mr. G. is plac'd. Pray render me very kindly to Captain W. and tell him when I see the Major, I shall not forget to speak his desires. Mention me kindly to honest P. Mr. A. and the rest that know me, and to your self, take me as I must ever be

*Your real friend, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXLVI.

*To Major W.*

*Dear Brother,*

I Shall not need strain a sinew in my invention to frame an excuse for deluding your expectations of me at *Holt*: for as if we had left *London* on purpose to come and take up diseases in the Country, and *Pandora* had staid the second opening of her box, till our coming; our Family has been so infected with that they call the New-disease, which like the Elements blended

in the Chaos, is but an accumulation of all other maladies, as they have made me a Prisoner, though not yet a Patient, and disabled me to point at the time when I may be in case to be as good as my word. This disease is of late grown more cruel than ordinary, and become the Messenger of Fate to many Persons of quality, amongst which it has murder'd Mr. R. F. your old acquaintance, but I hope it will use my Lord and Lady more gently, who are both sick of it at this present. And now, my dear Brother, since I cannot see you, let me beg this satisfaction from your Pen, to let me know how your self and the rest of my friends enjoy your selves, & health, both in community and particular, how the air, company, and entertainment of *Holt* arrides your liking, and how much of the Winter you design upon that Climate; when and how long the Cardinal was with you, from whom I have not received a syllable since our parting. Let yours give me the condition of my friends in reference to this Epidemick Malady, among whom pray distribute my affectionate respects. Speak me cordially to my Brother and Sister *W.* Sister *F.* &c. and to your self promise all that is due to a perfect friend from, Dear Brother,

*Eternally your own to dispose of, R. L.*

LET.

## LETTER CXLVII.

Sir,

I Must not give you cause to suspect I can forget you by the neglect of so fair an opportunity to kiss your hands with a Letter; but I confess I had rather (if there were no *Remora*) have taken my Pens employment upon my self: how oft have I wish'd for a Mercurial *Caduceus* to insomniate the *Argus*-eyes of jealous people, that I might safely steal a visit, and with it the enjoyment of your happy society? till when I shall account my self but a slave to that piece of liberty I now am Master of, since its narrow limits shut out a large share of my highly valued happiness. The malice of the times extends beyond the suspension of estates, to the separation of friends, yet they cannot be truly said to be absent, whose free-born souls (not inflav'd to the bodies restraint) can hold a mutual commerce and an intelligential converse one with another; nor can I so much distrust Providence, as to suspect this corporal sequestration can prove an utter privation. My deceiving fancy sometimes in a slumber, strives to make me believe I am at L. yet in the dream it self I suspect it is but a dream. I could wish methinks that *Plato's* year were no fiction, so the revolution might be speedy, and we again happily revive and live in the Sun.

Sun-shine of our former Halcyon days, *sed jam deserunt ut omnia Mortalium assolent*——

I cannot dart my thoughts so eagerly upon other things as to lose a restraining power of calling them home to the memory of my friends, and they are best employ'd in absence, when they help to draw themselves in white and black. I am not of that Philosophers opinion, who affirm'd *silence* could not hurt, for too much is a disease in love, and helps to intomb friendship in the dark Grove of oblivion, when the dumb Language of a Pen can, like the Phoenix, remove it from its own ashes, and keep it strong and healthful &c.——

By the World those are accounted the only Cowards, which dare not do that which is ill; which concludes no such solecism in policy, as the intire friendship 'twixt tongue and heart. Honesty is grown ridiculous, Integrity scoffed at, & Amity it self never found so few friends. Those intentions are contemptibly thought mean, and shallow, with whose vertuous rectitude *Meandrous* falshood is inconsistent; the Worlds erroneous Estimation has married Vertue to Caution, Justice to Self injury, Religion to a Scarecrow, Honesty to Self-deceit, Faith to Folly; for the execution of particular ends, Vice filches Vertues apparel, though her want of skill in wearing them often discovers her imposturous deformities. Whilst thus Reasons eye is put out, or at least

least blinded; the souls mortality forgotten, and the Almighty rejected, and eternity disrespected, this Pigmy-statur'd life is the only Idol we wickedly adore, the oblations to which are the many horrid *Acheloan* shapes our serpentine wills and actions are transformed to still. To reserve and increase our *Cornucopia*, with what long-breath'd flatteries perfum'd with fictitious Rhetorick do we ventilate the warmth of great mens favours, in the Sun-shine of whose smiles we play like flies, buzzing forth our own shames, and vertues injuries.

R. L.

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LETTER CLXVIII.

To Mr. W.

*My dearest Friend,*

I Lately received your last of the sixteenth of November; for though our Letters glide nimbly when they are once aboard, yet they do but crawl by land, and contrary to natural violent motions, do make least haste when they are nearest their journeys end: and I have nothing to say to your overprizing my barren endeavours in your behalf, and undervaluing your own, but only to intreat you to call to your own knowledge for the true definition of perfect amity,  
and

and that will tell you I am the indebted person, and the occasions you have given me to serve you, have instructed me to set so many steps toward my own happiness. But now, my dear friend, I would I could find it fit to leave the rest out, and if I had not cause to love you for discretion as well as goodness, I confess I should leave you to know this accident from some other Quill; but I know you are skilful in all the dictates of Wisdom, and can ballance mortal accidents without oppressing the scale with too much passion: this gives me more confidence to tell you I received a late Letter from my Brother, whom I engaged to send me an account of your friends, which tells me that your father fell sick upon the sixteenth of *September* of a Flux, and left the world the tenth of *October*; and now I conjure you by all those clear proofs of your prudent temper, and to (speak something for my own ends as well as yours) by my interest in you, to preserve us both from the injuries of an over-sad resentment; you have all the reason that I can urge, and much more, why you should not abandon your self to an immoderate sorrow, and therefore I will throw no more drops into your Ocean, only this, do not chew the Pill that will work better if you swallow it, &c. Your Sister seem'd much to bewail your absence at such a time, and desir'd my Brother, who presents his affectionate service to you, to use  
some



some means to let you know this, and intreat you would entertain no prejudicial conceit of her self or her husband. Let me intreat you to answer this as soon as you can, and tell me what I may do further to serve you: if you love your self & me, let not sadness shrink your spirits, but let us reserve our selves for that same happy meeting you speak of. I confess I do more than suspect a Consumption, and if that be designed to fetch me from this World, I think I shall go without reluctance; for I have already received enough of the Divine hand to make me admire his bounty: but I have fair hopes of a recovery. Well, my dear Friend, you know how to be happy in spite of this World; and that you would be so, is the earnest intreaty of

*Yours eternally, R. L.*

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## LETTER CXLIX.

*To his Brother, Mr. A. L.*

*Loving Brother,*

**I** Think Providence has given a larger Commission to Fortune than formerly; for I confess I was nipt with the same Passion you complain of, *viz.* the unkindness of Oblivion: now I see 'twas caus'd by the stragling of our Letters; mine were sent by *W.* out of *Lincolnshire,*

shire, and because they promised a faithful care in their deliverance, I thought it a better way for expedition, than to send them about by London; but it seems Haste brought forth her blind child Error. Yours, after my expectation had lost many longings (as if they had staid for one anothers company) came almost all together; and that's my Landlords fault, for which I shall school him: but we have as little cause to lay the injuries of chance to one anothers charge, as to quarrel with a River, because some adventitious Dam forbids the freedom of its course. If there be a possibility to raise such pure and unmixt desires from our souls as will not be dawb'd with the clay they are confin'd to, I have such to ask and claim your Friendship; and thus, in spite of all our leaden frailty, we may take a taste of Heaven, and relish the joys we cry up with such impotent expressions, in that one word *perfect amity*. I do now begin to be so unweildy to my self, and I doubt so troublesome to others (though they express not so much) that I borrow reasons from my Capital infirmities, to excuse those, you may account the Disease of my mind, &c. But if this trouble be design'd to fetch me from this World, I think I shall go without reluctancy. I am still here (in relation to my dependency) like an unskilful Passenger at Sea, that knows not how long to promise himself a calm, nor when to expect a storm. If

I may vaunt to have pleas'd in any thing, 'tis my fidelity, which amounts to no more than, you have done as becomes you. I am glad I was not born to stand at the Stern of an ample fortune, (to favour my self the best I can) I should have abus'd the Divine bounty, and perhaps employ'd it chiefly in paying dearer for my sins than I have done. I have received enough to make me admire the goodness of him that gave it me; and indeed, did not his grace help me to contrary thoughts, 'twere enough to make me an unequal Arbiter of my own imperfections: to act such conceptions as these, is a business to which we should sacrifice no cold endeavors; and we live to no purpose, unless in this life we learn to bid it adieu handsomly. Doing well is the only requisite mark of mans Industry; and he that aims at any other, mistakes that for a white which is but a spot: there are so many examples of such as angle here for happiness (and sometimes with ruine to boot) as methinks to observe, should be enough to take heed, how many mount Fortunes ladder, and break the staves as they go up, so as they have no way to come down but by a Precipice; many shoot wide, and perhaps hit most happiness by missing what they fancied for it. I could mention more mistakers: but to close it, there is no man studies the other life better, than he that studies this enough to despise it. It is not my desire to be understood  
skil-

skilful in this science; for I am bound to confess my self subject to most wicked reluctations; and there pass few hours that are not witnesses not only to stumblings, but gross falls from my best resolutions: but I want your pardon. I thank you for the account of my Friends, which I desire you would renew, as you are hinted by any extraordinary accidents. I have this day wrote the sad news to Mr. W. but I confess I left out some of the Circumstances lest he should chew the bitter Pill too much that he ought to swallow. I have presented you to him, as you ordered, and mentioned your endeavours for his satisfaction. I have been so often call'd away while I was writing this, as 'tis no wonder if my words sit not handsomely upon my meaning, when I am forc'd to make so many seams. I pray present me to those friends that oblige me with remembrance in a grateful garb; and believe it, for 'tis truth it self, you are first in the soul of

*Your affectionate and most desirous  
Brother to serve you, R. L.*

## LETTER CL.

*To Mr. W.*

*Dear Friend,*

**Y**OUR last I received, which by the date I perceive has halted by the way like some of his  
Pre-

Predecessors: but it had not half done its message to my eyes, before I confess an ample amends for the loitering; and if there be a word that may speak more than welcom, conceive it uttered, for indeed it is meant. I see you have made use of that which has made you always happy to sustain the shock of what might have stagger'd a resolution less fortified with prudence; and I wish my power were as great as my desire to copy that and the rest: so long as you compound and apply these sovereign medicines of piety and discretion, 'tis impossible your better part should grow sickly, &c. I inclosed the Note to your Sister, in a Letter to my Brother, and oblig'd him to be very careful in sending it, and to shew her the way to return you an answer of it to my hands. If no weighty impediment intervenes, I intend to visit my Eastern friends about the beginning of *April*, therefore I pray prepare your commands. And now, my dear friend, I find my health tendred by you with such an overflowing of affection, as it hath taught me to wish it with the more ardor, because I may possibly encounter with occasions that may render me able to shew how highly I relish such an indearing kindness. But pardon me, 'tis more than I can do, when I write to you, not to be guilty of too many words, so that I am to come to an end; but my comfort is, you know me for what I am, *Yours to perpetuity, R. L.*

**FINIS.****T**



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